THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. I [illegible] No 42 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1927.

$1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

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"SALADA" TEA

T04

We ask you to test this yourself.

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A good farm three miles from town, well located and well improved, containing 100 acres. Well watered and fine soil.

A comfortable little home, with house, barn, well and orchard and 8 acres of land for one thousand dollars. About two miles from town.

A house in Town worth $3600, will exchange for good farm.

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John Street,
South of Paisley House. 42-8

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Any person desiring information of

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32-3m

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All types of Sets repaired.
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15tf

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Autumn Millinery

The season's smartest chapeau follow closely the edit set by famous Parisian designers.

Crowns fit the head snugly with the aid of tucks and subtile folds, brims droop demurely and often evenly, stand defiantly upright from a pretty face, or often there are no brims at all.

Just a tightly moulded crown that fits the head as closely and becomingly as your own hair.

They all stress the use of Felt, Velvet, Velour and Satin, in plain and combination effects.

In colors, Black, Beige, Blues, Wood Browns, Grey, and the new Wines shades.

CORSETS, CORSETTES, BRASSIERES AND GIRDLES

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New Fall Imported Suitings

Order Now

See us for New Fall TOP COATS

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

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For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Robin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Robin, Main Street. 27-tf

FOUND—Chauffeur's License pin No. 43109. Will owner call for same at this office.

FOR SALE—General purpose horse, true. Apply to DAVID HAYES, Bellevi.e Road. 41ap

AGENTS FOR Tudhope-Anderson stoves, wagons and wood and steel wagon wheels. C. H. SPENCER. 41-bp

FOR SALE—A galvanized Iron Garage, 10 x 16, Overland Car, light four, also white Wyandotte cockerels, bred to lay. Apply to CAPT. HUGHSON, Piety Hill. 42-a

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—19-ft. motor boat hull and engine in first class condition, duck auto-top awning, compass, lamps, cushions, anchor, ropes, etc., boat house also for sale. Apply D. McCLEW, 105 Bridge street. 41-bp

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex, $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEPEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all convenences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional, known as the J. E. Griffith farm. New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Jane Hinch, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 15th day of September, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate. 38-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Frank Blair, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 10th day of October, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate. 41-d

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The death of Miss F. M. Shaw, president of the Canadan Nurses Association, which took place recently in England, was commented upon by Miss Elizabeth Smellie R.N., R.R.C., who has returned to Ottawa from the International Congess of Nurses at Geneva. Miss Smellie is the Chief Superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, and accompanied the late Miss Shaw to the congress. As the representative of the Canadian nurses, Miss Shaw extended the formal invitation to the Internation Congress of Nurses to meet in Canada in 1929 which was gladly accepted. Miss Shaw, who died suddenly while on a holiday in England on her return from Geneva, will be much missed. She was an outstanding figure amongst our splendid Canadian nurses and her death is a distinct loss.

The boys and girls are back at school and their older brothers and sisters are getting ready for college. Some of them are leaving home for the first time to be more or less "on their own" for the future. For the girl or young man at college the choice of companions means much. "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy" it is quite true, but no work and all play makes him even more dull. College life now-a-days is much what the young folks make it. The professors talk of the government by the student body, which means, roughly speaking, that if enough students in a college are studious and determined to leave its halls with a degree, and what is more, much more, an education, the standard of that college will be high. It is pleasant to know that as a whole, our young Canadians are ambitious and determined to make the most of their opportunities. The years at college cannot come back. Thing how much of your success in life depends on the way they are spent.

Speaking of using the market provided by the tourists, we noticed one day last week when motoring on the provincial highway, that at some of the houses with gardens, the owners had placed a stand near the roadside with an attractive array of fresh vegetables and fruit and a sign nearby saying they were for sale. Ripe, red tomatoes, green corn and rosy apples, with some potatoes and cabbage could be bought by the passer-by. A lady living in a village not far off said she often drove out in her car and povided her kitchen with fresh fruit and vegetables. "I like honey, too," she said, and we remembered that we had seen the sign "Honey for Sale."

Mrs. C. Field-Robertson, Lanark, the president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario, has received a letter from Her Excellency Lady Willingdon, saying that she will be very pleased to become a patroness of the W. I. and that the work of the society has greatly appealed to her.

Another piece of Institute news is that the Toronto Local Council of Women has called a special meeting for Tuesday, Sept. 13th, to which eighteen branches of the Women's Institutes in the district have been asked with the idea of their affiliation. The Kingston Local Council has had, for many years, as one of its affiliated societies, the District of Fontenac Women's Institute. Within the last few years all fifteen branches of the W. I. in Frontenac and two of the Lennox and Addington branches, have been among the forty-three affiliated societies that compose the Kingston Local Council.

Velvet is everywhere this season. On hats, on dresses, and it forms the material of which many of the smart autumn frocks for daytime or evening are made.

If you live in a town and have never seen a school fair, find out when there will be a fair at a school nearby and take the children out to see it. They will see what the boys and girls in the country have been doing all summer and they will want a garden and a chicken run right off. This is the way the school fair is run. In the spring the Ontario Govs ernment, through its Department of Agriculture and its district representative, gives the scholars in each rural school, seeds of flowers and vegetables, potatoes and, at a nominal cost, eggs from a good breed of hens. The pupils sow the gardens and their parents, who take much interest as a general rule, give them a good piece of land for their school garden. In September the flowers and vegetables are ready and the chickens are grown big enough to judge. So they are brought in to the school and the fair is put up and a splendid showing of work is there for all to see. That is not all. The girls are taught sewing and baking, preserving and pickling and the boys have made useful things in a manual training class. The teacher has taught the children to march and drill and each school has a banner, made by the scholars, in which they take great pride. Prizes are given and in some counties, the prze winners take the articles that won the prize to the county fair, where it is exhibited in the school champlonship tent and runs a chance of still another prize.

Peaches and tomatoes, pears and apples are with us. Here is one of the new recipes in which they are combined. It is called "Fuit hili Sauce." One basket of ripe tomatoes, 6 peaches, 6 pears, 6 apples, 1 head of celery, 3 Spanish onions, 3 red peppers, 3 green peppers, 2 teaspoonsful each of cloves, mace, cinnamon and allspice, 2 tablespoonsful of salt, 2 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart of vinegar. Peel fruit and onions, chop celery, remove seeds from peppers and chop, add spices, bring to a boil and let simmer for three hours. Bottle while hot.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Every one is glad to see the brighter weather and threshing has bee nresumed.

Mr. C. F. Allison has been busy taking in grain at his store house. He also loaded a boat in Hay Bay last week.

Mr. Corfield of Watertown, N. Y., a former resident of Adolphustown, with his family were renewing acquaintances here recenty. His son very kindly favored the congregation of the United Church with a vocal solo on Sunday morning last.

The schools have re-opened with the former teachers in charge.

Glass!

Window glass, single and double thickness, also Automobile glass, cut to fit your car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

VOTERS' LIST, 1927.

Municipality of the Township of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and Addington.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the section 9 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, the copies required by said Section to be so transmitted or delivered of the List pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office at Tamworth on the 8th day of Sept., 1927, and remains there for inspection. And I hereby call on all persons to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

JOHN E. PARKS,
Clerk of the Township of Sheffield.

Dated at Tamworth this 12th day of September, 1927.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Cranston farm, - Switzerville; Fraser Allan farm, Newburgh; late Geo. I. Perry farm, Fredericksburgh; Wm. Wilson farm, Lonsdale; T. W. Hegderson farm, Palace Road; Orn Deshane, two farms, about 250 acres, $6500, Marlbank; W. J. Wilson, general store and residence, Marlbank; farm bordering on town site, Napanee, about 275 acres, good brick house and tenant house, large barn and silo, and stock purebred Holstein cattle, hogs, horses and crop, will sell half or any part of farm and stock; also town milk business and equipment included in deal with farm if wanted, good school across the road from brick house; a good paying Pool Room and two business properties, three-in-one sale paying big return; will exchange large general store and stock and dwelling, a snap; Blacksmith and Woodwork Shop and tools; several farms, 25 to 200 acres, also several residences, prices right; John Kent farm, 240 acres, Hamburgh Road; a good house to rent, can give possession immediately.

J. W. WILSON,
'Phone 26; Box 440.

42-b

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to reserved bid, on TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th, 1927, at the hour of 2 o'cloch in the afternoon, at Bell's Hotel, in the Village of Enterprise, in the County of Lennox and Addington, the following property, namely:

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north east quarter of lot number eighty-eight, in the eighth concession of the said Township of Camden.

The above is a very desirable farm property, situate in one of the choicest localities, within a short distance of the village of Enterprise, and should be a good attractive opportunity for those wishing to purchase a small farm. Said farm has a good house and barn erected thereon.

The property will be offered subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of sale: 15 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN.
Solicitor for Mortgagee. 41-c

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Sept. 6th, 1927.

Council met in Selby Town Hall The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

The minutes of last session were read and adopted.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that Jno. E. Hudgins' pay sheet for August, amounting to $709.90, be passed, and that cheques be issued to various men on Pay Sheet. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that a cheque be issued to Treasurer of Tyendinaga for $320.58., being half of work performed on boundary road for maintenance. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Hartin, that a By-Law be passed appointing Irwin Sexsmith tax colector for year 1927, at a salary of $110.00, no extras to be charged, and that the matter of approval of bondsmen be left with Clerk and Reeve. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that By-Law No. 457, appointing tax collector, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the account of Silas Storrings for bonus on 40 rods wire fence, $10.00 be paid. Carried.

Council adjurned to meet on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, 1927.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

EMPEY HILL.

On Wednesday, August 31st, Empey Hill lost one of its oldest and most esteemed members of the community, when the death of William S. Whittington occurred. Deceased was eighty-three years of age and had spent all his life time on the old homestead, where he was born. He was one of the oldest members and trustees of the Empey Hill United Church and his place will be hard to fill. The funeral service was held at the church on Friday, Sept. 2nd, Rev. E. Farnsworth, of Canifton, and Rev. E. Sexsmith, of Jadon, being in charge of it. Deceased leaves to mourn his loss his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Cayton Osborne, Melrose, and one son, George Whittington, Napanee. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved ones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barnes left last week for Viscount, Sask., to spend some time with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith and Mrs. Fred Lee, of Detroit, Mich., spend Thursday with their cousins, Mr. J. Mowers, and Mrs. H. Kimmerly.

Mr. Ernest Allen, Brewer's Mills, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Mowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dupre and family, Pleasant Valley, spent Sunday last at Mr. Tucker's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Waddingham and children spent Sunday last at Mrs. L. Meiben's.

Robt. Donaldson and daughter Grace, of Joyceville, attended the funeral of the late Mr. Whittington.

Portland Cement.

Cement, lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BATH.

Mrs. P. E. Tomlinson and baby and Naomi Carmichael, of Toronto, with whom they have spent several weeks, have returned home.

Miss Gerturde Northmore, R. N., of New York, is the guest of her brother, Dr. S. Northmore, and Mrs. Northmore.

Miss Mary Davy, of Oshawa, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Davy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hall and Newell Rowse, of Oshawa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Rowse.

Mrs. Ross, of Toronto, is the guest of her brother, E. P. Shephard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis, of Dexter, N.Y., have moved back to Bath.

Mrs. Ruth Davy attended the Canadian National Exhibition.

Miss Edth Osborne has returned home from visiting friends in Toronto and other points in western Ontario.

Mr. Reginald Hazelwood, of Toronto, is a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Osborne.

Mrs. J. M. Wemp has returned from Chicago.

Ronald Stevenson and family, of Napanee, are spending their holidays at Robert Calver's.

Mrs. McPherson and McIntyre's daughters, is visiting at J. C. Creighton's.

Mr. Putnam, Napanee, is acting as manager of the Royal Bank in the absence of Mr. Cuppage.

DESERONTO.

Mr. James Therrien is a visitor in town.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Stover have retrned from a holiday in Toronto

Mr. Jack Gault, of Toronto, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. T. Gault.

Mr. Frank Brennan, of Mountain View, was in town for the week-end.

The funeral of the late Thos. Fox took place on Saturday morning from St. Vincent de Paul's Church and was largely attended. The bearers were Messrs M. Hart, F. Brennan, Madigan, Roach, Dowling and McCann. Interment took place at Deseronto cemetery.

Thomas Naylor is spending a few days in Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Richardson, of North Bay, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Field.

CENTREVILLE FAIR

Excellent weather greeted the Addington County Fair at Centreville on Saturday last. The exhbits were fully up to the usual standard and the attendance larger than usual. The improvements recently made to the grounds and buildings add greatly to the display of the exhibits and the convenience of the exhibitors. The horse races were interesting and well contested.

PRIZE LIST.

CATTLE.

Pure Bred Beefing Breed.

Bull, 3-year-old and over, age considered—Lochhead Bros.

Bull, 2-year-old—Ed. O'Connor

Yearling Bull—G. Drew & Son, Fred Clancy.

Bull Calf, 6 months and over—C. Thompson, R. Long.

Bull Calf, under 6 months—R. Long, C. Thompson.

Heifer Calf, under 1 year—C. Thompso, R. Long, J. R. Hannah.

Pure Bred Bull, with pedigree—Ed. O'Connor.

Dual Purpose Beefing Breed.

Bull, 2-year-old—J. R. Hannah C. Thompson.

Yearling Bul—Frank Switzer, Cow—C. Thompson, 1 and 2.

Bull Calf, under six months—C. Thompson.

Heifer Calf, under 1 year—C. Thompson, Lochhead Bros.

Pure Bred Bull with pedigree—J. R. Hannah.

Bull, 3-year-old and over—C. Jackson.

Bull, 2-year-old—Ed. O'Connor

Yearling Bull—G. Drew & Son, Fred Clancy.

Cow, giving milk—E. W. Lochhead, Clarence Jackson.

2-year-old Heifer—Clarence Jackson, Harold Nugent.

Bull Calf, six months and over—Wilfred Whelan.

Bull Calf, under six months—Clarence Jackson.

Heifer Calf, under 1 year—Wilmot Breault, Clarence Jackson, Jas. McFarlane.

Pure Bred Ayrshire Breed.

Yearling Bull—Frank Smith.

Cow, giving milk—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith, G. A .McGill.

Bull Calf, under six months—Frank Smith.

Heifer Calf, under 1 year—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

Pure Bred Bull with pedigree—Clarence Jackson.

Grades.

Cow giving milk, Dairy Breed—Robt. Nugent, Harold Nugent.

Cow giving milk, beefing breed—Robt. Nugent, J. Drew & Son, C. Thompson.

2-year-old Heifer Beefing breed—G. Drew & Son, F. Clancy, C. Thompson.

Yearling Heifer, dairy breed—C. Thompson, Fred Brown, Wilmot Breault.

Yearling Heifer, beefing breed—G. Drew & Son, C. Thompson, G. Drew & Son.

Heifer Calf, dairy breed—C. Thompson, W. Breault.

Heifer Calf, beefing breed—Lochhead Bros.

SWINE.

Large Breed.

Boar—Pat. Finnegan.

Breeding Sow—C. Martin, P. Finnegan.

Brood Sow, with litter—Addie Clancy, G. Drew & Son.

Boar, under 2 years—Christie Thompson, Addie Clancy.

Boar, 2 years and over—Wilfred Whelan.

Boar Pig, under 1 year—J. P. Garbut, P. Finnegan, F. Switzer.

Sow Pig, under 1 year—J. P. Garbut, Pat Finnegan, Addie Clancy.

Smal Breed.

Boar, with pedigree—Addie Clancy.

Breeding Sow—C. Martin.

Brood Sow, with litter—Addie Clancy.

Boar Pig, under 1 year—Addie Clancy, C. Martin.

Sow Pig, under 1 year—Addie Clancy, C. Martin.

Best pair select hogs—J. P. Garbut.

SHEEP.

Long Wool Breeds.

Ram, one shear and over—J. P. Garbut.

Ram Lamb—J. P .Garbut, P. Finnegan.

Ewe—P. Finnegan, J. Garbut, P. Finnegan.

Ewe lamb—J. P. Garbut, P. Finnegan, 2 and 3.

Dorset Horn Sheep.

Ram, 2 shear and over—Frank Smith, D. B. Smith.

Ram Lamb—F. Smith, D. B. Smith.

Ewe—F Smith, D. B. Smith.

Ewe lamb—Frank Smith, D. B. Smith.

Oxfords.

Ram, one shear and over—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, W. Whelan.

Ram lamb—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, W. Whelan.

Ewe—C. Martin, J. McFarlane, W. Whelan.

Ewe lamb—C. Martin, J. McFarlane, 2 and 3.

Other Short Wool Breed.

Ram, 1 shear and over—J. McFarlane, C. Martin.

Ram lamb—C. Martin, Jas. McFarlane, 2 and 3.

Ewe—Jas. McFarlane, C. Martin, J. McFarlane.

Ewe lamb—C. Martin, J. McFarlane, 2 and 3.

Grade Sheep.

Ram, 1 shear and over—Christie Thompson.

Ewe—P. Finnegan, F. Smith, W. Whelan.

Ewe lamb—C. Martin, Christie Thompson, 2 and 3.

Best grade Ewe Lamb, any breed—C. Martin, C. Thompson, 2 and 3.

POULTRY.

Fowls.

Plymouth Rocks, Barred, cock and hen—H. Sutton, G. Drew & Son, G. Clancy.

Plymouth Rocks, Barred cockerel and pullet—Okel Drew, O. Shangraw, H. Nugent.

Plymouth Rocks, White, cock and hen—C. Thompson, P. Finnegan.

Plymouth Rocks, White, cockerel and pullet—Geo. Clancy.

Wyandottes, White, cock and hen—P. Finnegan, W. K. Switzer.

Wyandottes, White, cockerel and pullet—W. K. Switzer, Richard Quinn, P. Finnegan.

Rhode Island Reds, cockerel and pullet—F. Smith, D. B. Smith, O. Shangraw.

Jersey Black Giants, cockerel and pullet—H Sutton, Cyrus Edgar, Percy Yeomans.

Partridge Rocks, cockerel and pullet—P. Finnegan.

Leghorns, Brown, cock and hen—P. Finnegan, J. A. Wartman, H. Nugent.

Leghorns, Brown, cockerel and pullet—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.

Leghorns, White, cockerel and pullet—O. Shangraw, R. Grey.

Minorcas, cock and hen—Russell Price, H. Sutton, S. Wagar.

Minorcas, cockerel and pullet—P. Finnegan, C. Thompson.

Plymouth Rocks, A. V., breeding pen—D. B. Smith, Wyandottes, A. V., breeding pen—H Sutton, J. A. Wartman.

—Leghorns, A.V., breeding pen—Fred Clancy.

Ducks.

Pekin—S .Storring, S. Wagar.

Geese.

Toulouse—P. Finnegan.

Any other variety—S. Storring.

Turkeys.

Bronze—P. Finnegan, Jno. Cassidy, C. Thompson.

Miscellaneous.

Bantams—C. Thompson.

Pigeons—O. Shangraw, Christie Thompson.

Rabbits—C. Thompson.

FRUIT.

Twelve Pears—J. W. Gollinger, J. W. Hannah, Percy Yeomans.

Twelve Tomatoes—J. A. Wartman.

Snow Apples—H. Osborne, D. B. Smith, Jno. Filey.

Talman Sweets—W. Osborne, Jno. Files, C. Thompson.

Ben Davis—H. Osborne, Percy Yeomans, F. Smith.

Duchess Oldenburg—J. Wartman, H. Nugent, Jno. Files.

Northern Spy—H. Osborne, R. Price, J. A. Wartman.

Wealthy Apples—Percy Yeomans, F. Smith, D. B. Smith.

DAIRY AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Crock Butter, 10 lbs.—Wilfred Whlan, F. Smith.

Butter, 5 lbs. in roll—Jno. Cassidy.

Butter, 5 lbs. in lb. prints—J. Cassidy, C. Thompson, F. Smith.

Lard, home rendered, 2 lbs—O. Shangraw, Manson Lee, D. B. Smith.

Home-made Hard Soap—O. Shangraw, A. W. Milligan, Harry Sutton.

Honey, 5 lbs. in comb—W. Osborne, H. Sutton.

Honey, extracted, 1 quart—D. B. Smith, J. W. Wartman, F. Smith.

Maple Syrup, 1 quart, 1926 make—W. Osborne, M. Lee, D. B. Smith.

Maple Sugar—J. W. Wagar, C. Thompson.

Home-made White Bread—O. Drew, Miss Christie Thompson.

Home-made Brown Bread—J. Cassidy, W. Whalen, J. W. Wartman.

Home-made Buns—O. Drew, J. W. Wartman, J. Cassidy.

Tarts—J. W .Wartman.

Baking Powder Biscuits—R. Quinn.

Sugar Cokies—C. Thompson.

Sponge Cake—J. W. Wartman, Okel Drew.

Dark Layer Cake—Percy Yeomans, J. E. McGill.

Light Layer Cake—Jr Drew & Son, Addie Clancy.

Candies, home-made — Addie Clancy.

Fried Cake—A. Clancy, J. Drew & Son.

Apple Pie—A. Clancy, Harold Nugent.

Pumpkin Pie—R. Quinn, Okel Drew.

Berry Pie—A. Clancy, O. Drew.

Canned Apples—J. W .Wartman, R. Price.

Canned Raspberries—H. Sutton J. W. Wartman.

Canned Peaches—J. W. Wartman, W .Osborne.

Canned Pears—J. W. Wartman, H. Sutton.

Canned Preserved Peaches—J. W. Wartman, H. Sutton.

Pineapple—W. Osborne, J. W. Wartman.

Strawberries—J. W. Wartman, H. Sutton.

Canned Meat—H. Sutton, Russell Price.

Tomatoes—Okel Drew, D. B. Smith.

Peas—O. Drew, J. W. Wartman

Bean—R. Price, O. Drew.

Mixed Sweet Pickles—D. B. Smith, J. W. Wartman.

Mixed Pickles—S. Wargar, W. Osborne.

Catsup—J. W. Wartman, H. Sutton.

Chili Sauce—H. Sutton, J. W. Wartman.

Salad Dressing—H. Sutton, J. W. Wartman.

Collection Jellies, Fruit—Okel Drew, J. W. Wartman, H. Sutton.

Jam—J. W .Wartman, H. Sutton.

Collection of Canned Fruit—J. W. Wartman.

(Continued on page 4.)

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE INFANT WELFARE CLINIC will again re-open at 2 p.m. on Thursday afternoon Sept. 15th, in charge of the V.O.N.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

(Continued from last week.)

Roots.

Potatoes, Early Rose—Christie Thompson.
Potatoes, Early Ohio—S. J. Baird.
Potatoes, Irish Cobbler—Robt. Madden, S. J. Baird, J. R. Miller.
Potatoes, Dooley—Capt. Hughson, S. J. Baird.
Potatoes, Green Mountain—J. R. Miller.
Yellow Turnips—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt, Geo. Somers, D. Fitzpatrick.
Long Beets—H. Clancy, Geo. Somers.
Turnip Beets—H. Creighton, Miss Lund, Geo. Somers.
White Sugar Beets—Ed. Kaylor, H. Creighton, Capt. Hughson.
Red Mangolds — Mrs. Jennie Garbutt.
Yellow Mangolds—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt, C. E. Alkenbrack.
Red Onions—A. W. Mellow, C. Thompson.
Yellow Onions—Mrs. A. C. Cook, Ed. Kaylor, F. L. Vanalstine.

Garden Products.

Pickling Onions—Miss Lund.
Cauliflowers—Mrs. McCall, H. Shannon.
Celery—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
White Carrots—Geo. Somers.
Yellow Carrots—Mrs. J. Garbutt, C. Thompson, H. Creighton.
Table Carrots—H. Clancy, F. L. Vanalstine, Miss Lund.
Cabbage, pointed head — H. Creighton.
Tomatoes—Mrs. J. Garbutt, Peppers — H. Creighton, H. Clancy.
Radishes—H. Clancy.
Parsnips—Geo. Somers, Miss Lund, H. Creighton.
Squashes, table—Geo. Somers, H. Creighton.
Squashes, yellow—G. Somers, Miss Lund.
Vegetable Marrow—E. Kaylor.
Pie Pumpkin—R. Madden.
Large Field Pumpkins — R. Madden.
Collection of Garden Herbs—H. Sutton, H. Clancy.
Parsley—H. Clancy.
Cucumbers, pickling — J. R. Miller, H. Sutton, S. L. Clute.
Cucumbers, large—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt, Miss S. Lund, S. L. Clute.
Grain and Vegetable Specials.
Dr. Willoughby—Best bushel Oats, W. A. McCall; best bushel Barey, W. A. McCall.
E. C. Metcalfe Co.—J. R. Miller, Thos. Pennell, S. L. Clute.
Wallace Drug Co.—Early potatoes, R. Madden, S. J. Baird; late Potatoes, J. R. Miller.
Empire Cafe—Miss Lund.

Fruits.

Winter Apples—Mrs. J. Garbutt, R. H. Long, A. W. Mellow.
Fall Apples—Mrs. J. Garbutt, Rockwell Parks, R. H. Long.
Snows—Rockwel Parks, H. Creighton, Mrs. Osborne.
Baldwins—Mrs. J. Garbutt, A. W. Mellow.
R. I. Greenings—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt.
Golden Russetts—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt, J. R. Miller, R. Parks.
Northern Spy—Mrs. J. Garbutt, R. Parks, Mrs. Osborne.
Ben Davis—Mrs. J. Garbutt, Mrs. Osborne, R. Parks.
Cranberry Pippen—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt.
Wealthy—Mrs. J. Gabutt, R. Parks, Miss Lund.
McIntosh Red—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Creighton, Mrs. Osborne.
Stark—J. R. Miller, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Ripstone Pippen—Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Ontario—H. Armitage, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
St. Lawrence—Miss Lund, A. W. Mellow, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Talman Sweets—R. Parks, H. Creighton, Miss Lund.
Madden's Blush—Miss Lund, Robt. Madden, S. L. Clute.
Alexanders—R. Parks, Mrs. J. Garbutt, Mrs. Osborne.
Wolf River—Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Blenheim Pippin—Mrs. Jennie Garbutt.
Canada Red—Mrs. J. Garbutt, Mrs. Osborne.
Duchess—Mrs. J. Garbutt, F. W. Denison, F. L. Vanalstine.
Roxbury Russett—R. Parks, R. H. Long.
Scarlet Pippin—Mrs. Osborne.
Pears—H. Armitage, J. R. Miller.
Pears, Flemish Beauty—J. R. Miller, J. W. Melow.

Fruit Specials.

Grand Cafe—Mrs. J. Garbutt, F. W. Denison.
Fred A. Emery—Winter Apples, Mrs. J. Garbutt; Fall Apples, Mrs. J. Garbutt.

Dairy and Other Similar Products

Butter, 20 lbs.—F. L. Vanalstine.
Butter, 5 lbs.—D. B. Smith, F. L. Vanalstine, Marsh Hudson.
Butter, 5 lb. roll—F. L. Vanalstine.
Butter, 1 lb.—Frank Smith.
Lard, 5 lb. pail—F. L. Vanalstine.
Lard, 3 lb. prints—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.
Maple Syrup—D. B Smith, Mrs. McCall.
Maple Sugar—H. Clancy, Mrs. McCall.

Domestic Science, Home Baking.

Bread, white—Mrs. Percy Maxwell, F. L. Vanalstine.
Bread, brown—A. H. Pearson, Henry Sutton.
Bread, fruit or nut—Mrs. J. Garbutt, F. Smith.
Buns or Rolls—F. Smith ,D. B. Smith.
Buns, Graham—Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Cookies—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Clancy.
Macroons—H. Clancy, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Short Bread—H. Clancy.
Fruit Cake—H. Sutton, H. Sutton.
Cake, layer—W. Cranston, H. Clancy.
Cake, chocolate—D. B .Smith, H. Sutton.
Cake, Angel—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Clancy.
Pie, apple—Mrs. Wilfred McCabe, D. B. Smith.
Pie, berry—H. Clancy, H. Sutton.
Pie, lemon—H. Sutton, D. B. Smith.
Tarts—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Clancy.
Cheese Straws—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Clancy.
Sandwiches—Mrs. H. Clancy, Mrs. H Sutton.

Who wouldn't be a small-town merchant?

Buying only small stocks enables the small-town merchant to try out the novelties and new styles people are looking for — on which the margin of profit is greater than on staple lines. Hand-to-mouth buying keeps down the capital investment, and additional quantities or odd sizes can always be ordered by Long Distance.

Thanks to this method of conducting business retailers have never been able to show as many up-to-date styles as now.

By using Long Distance the wide-awake small-town merchant with his low overhead expense can make his store the buying headquarters for a large surrounding territory.

THE TELEPHONE CONNECTS YOU WITH EVERYBODY IN EVERYWHERE
433

Candy—Mrs. J. Garbutt, H. Clancy.
Fish Loaf—H. Clancy.

Bottled Goods.

Pineapple—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. Osborne.
Plums—Mrs. W. Shaver.
Citron—Mrs. Osborne.
Jam—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Jelly, Apple and Grape—Frank Smith, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Jelly, other native fruit—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Marmalade, orange—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Marmalade, native fruit—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. McCall.
Raspberries—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. Osborne.
Strawberries—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Cherries—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Peaches—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Pears—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. Shaver.
Cauliflower—F. Smith, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Asparagus—Mrs. W. Shaver.
Tomatoes—F. Smith, Mrs. N. B. Miller.
Pickles, mxed—F. Smith, Rockwell Parks.
Pickles, Mustard—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. Osborne.
Relishes—Mrs. H. Armitage.
Sauces—D. B. Smith, F. Smith.

Apiarian Products.

Honey, 10 lbs. in 1 lb. sections Harold Thompson, Mrs. McCall.
Honey, 20 lbs.—H. Thompson, Mrs. McCall.
Honey, extracted—H. Thompson, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.
Display of extracted honey—H. Thompson, Mrs. McCall.

Dressed Fowl and Eggs.

Hen's Eggs,brown—F. L. Vanalstine, Mrs. A. W. Mellow, Mrs. J. Garbutt.
Hen's Eggs, white—J. W. Frink, R. H. Long.
Pair Dressed Fowl, over 1 year —Mrs. H. Sutton, R. H. Long, C. E. Alkenbrack.
Pair Dressed Fowl, under 1 year—Wm. Wakelin.

Dairy Product Specials.

D. B. Wilson—D. B. Smith.
McGreer's Grocery — D. B. Smith, F. L. Vanalstine.
A. L. Dafoe—Wm. Wakelin.
Thompson Bros.—H. Clancy.
Webster's Grocery—Layer Cake, D. B. Smith, W. Cranston; Brown Bread, Mrs. Percy Maxwell, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Boyle & Son—Mrs. H. Clancy.
A. E. Caton—Mrs J. Garbutt, Mrs. H. Clancy
Ogilvies Flour Mills—Frank Smith, Mrs. H. Sutton, H. Clancy.
A. S. Kimmerly—F. Smith.
Huffman's Grocery—Mrs P. Maxwell.
Denison Bros.—H. Clancy.
W. H. Grass—F. Smith.

Aprarian Specials.

Napanee Marble Works—Best jar honey—H. Thompson, Mrs. McCall ; best section honey, H. Thompson, Mrs. McCall.
Harry Scott—H. Thompson, Mr. McCall.

LADIES' WORK.

Living Room Accessories.

Table Scarf—Mrs. McCall, L. B. Fisher.
Centrepiece—Mrs. Osborne, L. B. Fisher.
Card Table Cover—Mrs. Geo. Porter, Mrs. Osborne.
Cushion, fancy emb.—Mrs. McCall, M. Bailey.
Cushion, other fancy sort— Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Shaver.

Dining Room Accessories.

Breakfast Set—Mrs. Osborne, Florence Stork.
Luncheon Set—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. Osborne.
Bridge Set—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. Osborne.
Tea Cloth—Florence Stork, L. B. Fisher.
Tray Cloths—Florence Stork, Mrs. J. S. Wardner.
Centrepiece—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Wardner.
Centrepiece—Mrs McCall, Mrs. Wardner.
Serviettes—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. E. Burritt.
Dinner Napkins—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. Wardner.
Buffet Set—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.

Bedroom Accessories.

Towels, linen—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Towels, guest—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Pilow Cases—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Bedspread, fancy emb.—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.
Bedspread, other fancy sort— Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Geo. Porter.
Vanity Set—Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. Osborne.

Miscellaneous.

Tatting—Mrs. Howard Armstrong, Mrs. Osborne.
Irish Crochet—Mrs. Howard Armstrong, Mrs. McCall.
Fillet Crochet—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Cut Work—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Drawn Thread Work—Mrs. McCall.
White Embroidery—L. B. Fisher, Florence Stork.
Colored Embroidery—Marsh Hudson, L. B. Fisher.
Ribbon Articles — Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.
Kitchen Accessories—Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. McCall.
Bathroom Accessories — Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.

Children's Wear.

Short Dress — Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.
Jacket and Bonnet—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Sweater and Cap—L. B .Fisher, Mrs. McCal.
Romper or Play Dress—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.
Comforter and Pillow case— Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.

Ladies' Wear.

Colar and Cuff Set—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. Geo. Porter.
Handkerchiefs —Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. Porter.
Handbag—L. B. Fisher, Mrs. N. B. Miler.
Camisole—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.
Costume Slip—Mrs. Wardner, L. B. Fisher.
Nightgown—Mrs. W. Shaver, H. B. Fretts.
Dress—Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Apron—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Fisher.
Scarf—Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. N. B. Miler.
Pullover Sweater—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Fisher.
Costume—Mrs. McCall.

Men's Wear.

Handkerchiefs — Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Shirt — Mrs. Osborne ,Mrs. Stork.
Scarf—Mrs. McCall.
Sweater Coat—Mrs. McCall.
Socks—Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. McCall.
Mitts—Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Osborne.
Quilts, Bedspreads, Rugs, Etc.
Quilt, cloth—Mrs. McCall, Carman Day.
Quilt, cotton — Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Wilfred McCabe.
Quilt, fancy—Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. McCall.
Bedspread, knt or crochet— Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.
Bedspread, home woven—Mrs. Clancy, Mrs. Osborne.
Bedspread, other practical sort—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne.
Hearth Rug, hooked—Mrs. H. Armstrong, Mrs. McCall.
Hearth Rug, other variety— Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. McCall.
Labor Saving Device—Mrs. H. Sutton.

Fancy Work Specials.

Salada Tea Co.—Sweater Coat, Mrs. McCall ; Bed Spread, Mrs. Osborne ; Quilt, Mrs. Osborne ; Scarf, Mrs. N. B. Miler.
Geo. Robertson & Son—Luncheon Set, Mrs. E. Burritt; Fancy Bed Spread, Mrs. McCall.
Mrs. Doxsee—Mrs. Wardner.

Arts and Crafts.

Scene from Nature—O. C. Madden, E. Waddell.
Landscape — O. C. Madden, Mrs. Waddell.
Seascape—S. L. Clute, Florence M. Bailey.
Portrait—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Flowers—O. C. Madden, Mrs. Geo. Porter.
Scene, flower garden—E. Waddell, F. M. Bailey.
Miniature Shrrait—E. Waddell, Mrs. Geo. Porter.
Single Work—O. C. Madden, Mrs. Geo. Porter.
Single Work, any subject—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Portrait—F. M. Bailey, E. Waddell.
Seascape from Nature—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Landscape from Nature—O. C. Madden, Miss Betty Smith.
Fruit and Vegetables—O. C. Madden, E. Waddell.
Flowers from nature—O. C. Madden, F. M. Baley.
Scene from nature, local—O. C. Madden, Miss Betty Smith.
Animals—F. M .Bailey, O. C. Madden.
Still Life—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Single work—O. C. Madden, Miss M. Cooke.
Pastel—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Pastel, any subject—O. C. Madden, E. Waddell.
Sepia, from nature—F. M. Bley, Mrs. Cooke.
Sepa, any other subject—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.
Single work, color in blues— O. C. Madden, E. Waddell.
Crayon, light and shade—O. C. Madden ,F. M. Bailey.
Pen and Ink sketch—O. C. Madden, Miss M. Cooke.
Pencl sketch—O .C. Madden, F. M. Baley.
Design, interior decoration— Mrs. J. S. Wardner, F. M. Bailey.
Design, landscape gardening— F. M. Bailey, Mrs. Wardner.
Desgn, agricultural subject—O. C. Madden, F. M. Bailey.

Photography.

Winter Scenes—Mrs. W. McColl, Mrs. Osborne.
Portraiture—Mrs. Geo. Porter, E. Waddell.
Any subject—Mrs. McColl, F. M. Baley.

China.

Teapot, sugar and cream—Mrs. W. A. McCall, Mrs. W. F. Osborne
Cups and Saucers—Mrs. Wardner, Florence Stork.
Sandwich Trays—Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. Osborne.
Flowe Bowl—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.
Lemonade Set—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Wardner.
Fruit Set—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Wardner.
ro DM wdL dsfl oD0——CHRSWo
Salad Bowl—Ms. Wardner, Mrs Osborne.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
From Baby's birth test out its worth

Vase—Mrs. Wardner, Mrs. McCall.
Jardiniere—Mrs. Wardner, Mrs McCall.
Collection Novelities—F. M. Storey, Mrs. McCall.
Single piece, conventional—F. M. Storey, Mrs. Wardner.

Crafts.

Basketry—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. McCall.
Woodwork—Mrs. Geo. Porter, Mrs. McCall.
Leather Work—F. M. Bailey, Mrs. McCall.
Stencilling—F. M. Bailey, Mrs. McCall.
Parchment, decorated — Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Wardner.
Sealing Wax — Mrs. Porter, Mrs. McCall.
New Craft, not listed—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Wardner.

Flowers.

Everlastings—Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Sweet Peas—Mrs .W. Shaver, F. L. Tavener .
Lillies—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Perennials—Mrs. W. Shaver, Miss L. Walters.
Petunias, single—Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Gladioli—F. J. Roblin, Mrs. F. L. Vanalstine.
Roses—Mrs. C. A. Wiseman, Mrs Geo. Porter.
Calendula—Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. F. L. Vanalstine.
Flowers, not enumerated — Mrs. Porter, Miss L. Walters.
Petunias, double — Clarence Pinney, Mrs. Porter.
Cosmos—Mrs. E. A. Pringle, Mrs. Shaver.
Cactus Dahlia—Mrs W. V. Webster.
Decorative Dahlia—Mrs. Wilfri McCabe, Mrs. Shaver.
African Marigold—D. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. H. Sutton.
French Margold—Miss L. Walters.
Salpiglossis—Mrs. H. Sutton, Mrs. Shaver.
Dahlias, red shades—Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. E. J. Pollard.
Dahlias, pink shades—Mrs. H. Sutton, D. Fitzpatrick.
Dahlias, yellow shades—Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Osborne.
Asters—Mrs. McCall, Jim Moffatt.
Everlastings, 12 blossoms— Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Mrs. H. Sutton.
Snapdragon—Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. McCall.
Zinnia—Miss Betty Smith, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Best arranged tabe bouquet— Mrs. Burritt.
Best drawing room bouquet— Mrs. F. L. Vanalstine, Mrs. McCall.
Begonia—Mrs. N. B. Miller, Mrs. Shaver.
Begonia, any other variety— Mrs. E. J. Pollard.
Foliage plant—Mrs. W. McCabe, Mrs. Percy Maxwell.
Geranrum—Mrs. Sutton, Capt. Hughson.
Most attractive blooming plant —Mrs. W. McCabe, Mrs. Sutton.

Floricultural Specials.

W. S. Herrington—Best six Asters in five different colors—1, Mrs. McCall ; 1, Mrs. Wiseman; 1, Mrs. W. V. Webster ; 1, Mrs. E. A. Pringle ; 1, Mrs. E. A. Pringle.
J. J. Hanes—Gladioli, Pink, F. J. Roblin, F. L. Vanalstine ; Red, Mrs. E. J. Pollard, F. J. Roblin ; Salmon, F. J. Roblin ; Blue or Purple, F. J. Roblin ; White or Yellow, Mrs. E. J. Pollard, F. J. Roblin.
Thompson's Grocery — Best bouquet Gladiolo, F. L. Vanalstine ; Bouquet of named varieties Gladiol—Mrs. F. L. Vanalstine.
Imperial Tobacco—Bouquet decorative Dahlia, Mrs. McCall; Bouquet Show Dahlia, Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Mrs. McCall.
Hum Wah—Zinnias — Betty Smith, Mrs. McCall.
Napanee Canning Co.—Sweet Peas, Mrs. W. Shaver, Mrs. Tavener, Mrs. McCall.
Hydro Electric—Hanging basket, Mrs. W. Shaver.
Skitch, The Photographer—Mrs. Burritt.

Poultry.

Light Brahma—Cock, W. H. Govier, H. Lush, W. H. Govier ; Hen, W. H .Govier, W. H. Govier, H. Lush ; Cockerel, W. H. Govier, W. H. Gover, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, W. H .Govier, W. H. Govier, H. T. Lush.
Black Langshan—Cock, W. H. Govier ; Hen, W. H. Govier ; Cockerel, W. H. Govier, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, W. H .Govier, H. T. Lush.
Barred Rock—Cock, Mrs. A. C. Rook, Mrs. A. C. Rook, H. L. VanAllen ; Hen, W. H. Govier, Mrs. A. C Rook, W H. Govier ; Cockerel H. L. VanAllen, Mrs. A. C. Rook, Mrs. A C Rook; Pullet, H. L. VanAllen, Mrs A C Rook, Mrs. A. C. Rook ; Pen, H. Sutton ; Pen, old birds, Mrs. A. C. Rook.
White Rock—Cock, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush, W. H. Govier ; Hen, G. Vance, H. T. Lush, C. H. Cutris ; Cockerel, W. H. Govier, C. H. Curtis, P. Finnegan ; Pullet, C. H. Curtis, P. Finnegan ; Pullet, C. H. Curtis, Geo. Somers, W. H. Govier
A O. V. Rock—Cock, H .T .Lush, P. Finnegan, C. H. Curtis ; Hen, P. Finnegan, C. H. Curtis ; Cockerel, P. Finnegan ; Pullet, P. Finnegan, P. Finnegan.
White Wyandotte—Cock, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush, W. H. Govier; Hen, W. H. Govier, Capt. Hughson, Geo. Somers ; Cockerel, Capt Hughson, Capt. Hughson, P. Finnegan ; Pullet, Capt. Hughson, 1, 2, 3 ; Pen, Capt. Hugson ; Pen, old, P. Finnegan.
Partridge Wyandotte—Cock, H. T. Lush, H. T. Lush ; Hen, H. T. Lush, 1, 2, 3 ; Pullet, H. T. Lush, G Vance.
A. O. V. Wyandotte—Cock, H. T. Lush, G. Vance, H. T. Lush ; Hen ,H T. Lush, G. Vance, H. T. Lush
S. C. Rhode Island Red—Cock, G. Vance, C. H .Curtis, H. T. Lush; Hen, C. H. Curtis, H. B. Fretts, H. B. Fretts ; Cockerel, H. B Fretts, H. B Fretts, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, 1, and 2, H. B. Fretts, H. T. Lush ; Pen, Young, H. B .Fretts.
R. C Rhode Island Red—Cock, H. L. VanAllen ; Hen, W. H. Govier, C. H. Curtis ; Cockerel, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, H T .Lush.
Jersey Black Giants—Cock, and 2, G. Vance, Geo. Somers ; Hen, 1 and 2, G. Vance, Geo. Somers ; Cockerel, Geo. Somers, G. Vance, W. E. Richardson ; Pullet, G. Vance, W. E .Richardson, Geo. Somers
S. C .White Leghorn—Cock, H. L. VanAllen, C. H .Curtis, W. E. Richardson ; Hen, W. E., Richardson, H. L. VanAllen, D. Fitzpatrick ; Cockerel, Geo. Somers, H. Sutton ; Pullet, Geo, Somers, C. H. Curtis ; Pen, old, C. H. Curtis, W. E. Richardson.
S. C. Brown Leghorn—Cock, C. H. Curtis, VanAllen, W. H. Govier, Hen, S. H. Fraser, VanAllen, S. H. Fraser ; Cockerel, VanAllen, S. H. Fraser, S. H. Fraser ; Pullet, 1, 2, 3, S. H. Fraser.
R. C. Brown Leghorn—Cock, R. S. Graham, H. T. Lush ; Hen, H. T. Lush, R. S. Graham, R. S. Graham ; Cockerel, R. S. Graham ; Pullet, 1, 2, R. S. Graham.
A. O. V. Leghorn—Cock, VanAllen, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis ; Hen, H. T. Lush, VanAllen, H. T. Lush ; Cockerel, VanAllen, Vance, P. Finnegan ; Pullet, Vance.
S. C. Ancona—Cock, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis, Vance ; Hen, H. T. Lush, VanAllen, C. H. Curtis ; Cockerel, VanAllen, C. H. Curtis, J. W. Frnk ; Pullet, C. H. Curtis, J. W. Frink, VanAllen.
S. C. Black Minorca—Cock, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush, Vance ; Hen, Vance, P. Finnegan, H. B. Fretts ; Cockerel, C. H. Curtis, H. B. Fretts, H. B. Fretts ; Pullet, 1, 2, H. B. Fretts, Geo. Somers.
A. O. V. Mediterranean—Cock, H. T. Lush, VanAllen ; Hen, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis ; Pullet, C. H. Curtis.
Houdan Cock—H. T. Lush, C. Thompson, H. T. Lush; Hen, 1, 2, H. T. Lush, G. Thompson ; Cockerel, C. Thompson, R. S. Graham, Vance ; Pullet, C. Thompson, Vance, Gover.
A. O. V. French Breed—Cock, 1, 2, H. T. Lush ; Hen, 1, 2, Lush ; Cockerel, 1, 2, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, 1, 2, H. T. Lush.
Black Red Game—Exhibition Cock, Dave Kelly, 2 and 3, W. H. Govier ; Hen, 1 and 2, W. H. Govier ; Cockerel, W. H. Govier, H. L. VanAllen ; Pullet, W. H. Govier, H. L. VanAllen.
Buff Orpington—Cock, Mrs. Maxwell, H. T. Lush ; Mrs. Maxwell ; Hen, G. Vance, Mrs. Maxwell, H. T. Lush ; Cockerel, Geo. Somers, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, Mrs. Maxwell.
A. O. V. English Breed—Cock, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush, W. H. Govier ; Hen, H. L .VanAllen, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis ;Cockerel, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis ; Pullet, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush.
Black Cochin Bantams—Young 1, 2, Lester Boyes ; Old, Lester Boyes, H T. Lush, W. H. Govier.
Buff Cochin Bantams —Old pair, H. T. Lush.
Golden Seabright Bantams—Old pair, W. E. Richardson.
A. O. V. Ornamental Bantams —Young, G. Vance, W. H. Govier, H. T. Lush ; Old, G. Vance, 2, 3, H. T. Lush.
A. V. Game Bantams—1, 2, H. T. Lush ; Old, H. T. Lush, C. H. Curtis, H. T. Lush.
Rural School Children's Class —Best Pen Barred Rocks, R. J. Walsh, W. Cranston, F. W. Denison.

(Continued on page 3.)

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT.
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PET OF THE BUFFET.

Cat Catches Paper Balls as Fast as Thrown.

There is in London a very well-known cat, who has hundreds upon hundreds of friends. He is a cat who sits up and nibbles a biscuit held between his forepaws, in the same manner as a squirrel holds a nut. He "shakes hands," and behaves in many ways just like a thoroughly nice dog.

His name is Jimmy. He is a dark tabby, and he lives in the buffet of Farrington Street Station. It might almost be said that he owns the buffet. Nobody is quite certain how long he has been there, but it is at least twelve years.

He usually sits on a ledge behind the bar, or strolls majestically among the bottles and glasses, pausing now and then to shake hands with a customer. Business men forget their worries in their efforts to secure a friendly glance or greeting.

Jimmy preens his whiskers and endeavors to look kittenish, his friends respond immediately by producing biscuits, paper balls, string, and cigarette cards.

A paper ball rarely fails to amuse him. He sits up expectantly, while his admirers turn bills, letters, and the general contents of their pocket-books into balls. He catches them as fast as they are thrown, tosses them aside, and waits for more.

Jimmy is quite aware of his attractive appearance. Sometimes he will sit for hours in front of a mirror admiring the color and silkiness of his coat, the length and thickness of his tail, and the emerald depths of his magnificent eyes.

"Jimmy has the habits of a dog," said one of his friends. "Dogs regard him as an equal. He is the most amazing animal. People who have left London often come to see if he is still here. I did not dream that a cat could have so many friends."

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The Express Printing House,
Napanee.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

(Continued from page 2.)

Pigeons.

Fantails—W. E .Richardson, G. Vance, G. Vance.

Pouters—W. E. Richardson, H. T. Lush.

A. O. V.—W. E. Richardson, C. Thompson.

Turkeys, Ducks, Geese.

Ducks, Rouen—Geo. Somers, Mrs. Maxwell.

Ducks, A. O. V.—Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Maxwell.

Geese, Toulouse—P. Finnegan, W. Cranston.

Geese, Embden—H. L. VanAllen, Mrs. Mellow, Mrs. Mellow.

Turkey, Bronze—Cock, P. Finnegan, C. Thompson ; Hen, W. Cranston, C. Thompson ; Pullet, R. J. Walsh.

Napanee Poultry Association Specials.

Barred Rock—cock, A. Rook ; Hen, W. H. Govier ; Cockerel, H. L. VanAllen ; Pullet, H. L. VanAllen.

White Wyandotte—Cock, C. H. Curtis ; Hen, W. H. Govier ; Cockerel, Capt. Hughson ; Pullet, Capt. Hughson.

S. C. Rhode Island Reds—Cock, G. Vance ; Hen, C. H. Curtis; Cockere, H. B. Freits ; Pullet, H. B. Freits.

R. C. Rhode Island Reds—Cock, H. L. VanAllen ; Hen, G. Vance ; Cockerel, H. T. Lush ; Pullet, H. T. Lush.

S. C. White Leghorn—Cock, H. L. VanAllen ; Hen, W. E. Richardson ; Cockerel, Geo. Somers ; Pullet, Geo. Somers.

S. C. Brown Leghorn—Cock, C. H. Curtis ; Hen, S. H. Fraser ; Cockerel, H. L. VanAllen ; Pullet, S. H. Fraser.

Buff Orpington—Cock, Mrs. Maxwell ; Hen, G. Vance ; Cockerel, G. Vance; Pullet, H. T. Lush.

S. C. Black Minorca—Cock, C. H. Curtis ; Hen, G. Vance ; Cockerel, C. H. Curtis; Pullet, H. B. Freits.

Best Pen in the Show—Mrs. A. C. Rook.

W. A. Steacy Special—White Wyandotte Cockerel, Capt. Hughson ; hen, Capt. Hughson; Cockerel, W. H. Govier ; Pullet, H. T. Lush.

Napanee Express, $20 ; Capt. Hughson, $5—Best pair Asiatic Breeds, Mrs. A. C. Rook ; American Breed, Mrs. A. C. Rook ; Mediterranean Breed, S. H. Fraser ; English Breed, Mrs. Maxwell ; French Breed, C. Thompson ; Ornamental Bantams, L. Boyce ; Ducks, Geo. Somers ; Geese, P. Finnegan ; Pigeons, W. E. Richardson ; Best Cock Bird, Mrs. A. C. Rook ; Best Hen, S. H. Fraser; Best Cockerel, S. H. Fraser; Best Pullet, Capt. Hughson.

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$50 open to Men Under 25 Years.

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Horses—Clayton Woodcock, Gerald Walker, Ford Long, Alan Vandehoart.

Dairy Cattle—L. H. McCaul, Milo Jackson, A. C. Davis.

Beef Cattle—Arthur McLaughlin, Harold Brown, Arthur Simmons, Erwell Huff.

Sheep—P. E. R. Miller, Fred Mellow, Glynn Cambers, Harold Preslar.

Swine—Wm. Ball, Ford Denyes P. St. Lawrence.

Dairy Test—$30 donated by Farmers Dairy Co.—1 and 2, R. Merritt, W. H. Hunter.

Holstein Freesian Associaton, $25—Holstein Cow, over 48 months—R. Merritt ; Cow under 48 months, R. Merritt.

Belleville Creamery, 3 signs for gate posts—1, 2, R. Merritt, W. H. Hunter.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is reported to be showing signs of eruption once more, but the news is not likely to disconcert Neapolitans very much. It is a long time since the lava-flows from the famous crater poured in the direction of that city, and the danger which Naples suffered in the last big eruption was from the weight of ash on the flat roofs, which at one time threatened to crush the ramshackle buildings that left behind from the bad old times of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Few volcanoes have changed the danger area in the course of civilized history more than Vesuvius. When Pompeii and Herculaneum were obliterated in 79 A.D., the path of the lava was toward the seaboard. The last eruption was also toward the coast, but when the crater reformed itself and any future stream of lava would move inland away from Naples and the gulf.

May Not Change Their Name.

Aliens living in Great Britain are still prohibited from changing their names for either personal or business purposes.

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Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

BANBURY CROSS.

Mayor Declares That Cross Must Not Be Disturbed.

Banbury Cross, known to every baby who ever heard old English nursery rhymes, is safe for the time being!

Automobile drivers had almost succeeded in pulling down what remains of it, in the interests of speeding, but well ripened sentiment interposed successfully to prevent what would have looked like a tragedy to "babydom."

When a broken-hearted king set up Banbury Cross, over six hundred years ago, to consecrate the spot where his dead wife's body rested on its way to burial, everything gave way to his grief, and the beautifully designed memorial stood in what became a greatly-travelled street.

Popular sympathy was with him for the devoted, resolute "lady on a white horse" riding beside her husband's black bier over on his way to his incessant wars, was a popular picture in the public imagination.

"Rings on her fingers" there were, given her by many who had reason to love her reverently, and prayers from many open mouths pealed out, like bells, orisons for her happiness. But it was not as historic a memory, nor was it any utilitarian sense that saved the stump, all that the iconoclastic puritans of 1810 had left of Edward's handsome stone cross.

It was simply sentiment, the tender sympathy with childhood, the sweet memories of infancy and of the crooning of a mother's voice, that intervened and declared that the memory of Banbury Cross was worth much more than the saving of half a minute or so of motoring driver's time.

Letters by the hundred poured into Banbury protesting against such sacrilege, for humanity has travelled somewhat since 1610, and has learned more of the blessedness of a child's love, and the duty of promoting a child's happiness since then.

The Mayor of Banbury saw what those letters, and the newspaper comments indicated, and exerting his privilege declared the cross must not be disturbed, and that babies of the future might, as their parents did, still:

"Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross."

Sentiment rules the world, as it always will rule it.

EARTH SLOWING DOWN.

Scientists Say It Is a Question of Great Significance.

The fact that the last eclipse of the sun occurred three seconds earlier is to have tremendous bearing on the future of the earth, according to Dr. H. A. Stevenson, who says:

To many three seconds of an error may seem a trivial matter, but to modern scientists it is a question of great significance.

No one can yet say, or even suggest what has probably occurred to produce such a difference between theory and fact. An error of three seconds was made, and since it is the first error that has been experienced scientists are at a loss for all explanation.

From a collection of ancient records, dating back to 1063 B.C., it has become known that the duration of a day is gradually lengthening. This means that the earth is spinning less rapidly than heretofore, which in turn suggests that some force—as yet unknown—is tending to drag the earth to a standstill, and this is already apparent in one or two of our satellites.

Only recently professors have been discussing this "brake" force and attempting it to the moon, but there are astronomers of no mean reputation who entertain doubts regarding this theory.

Some may suggest that the error in calculating the arrival of the last eclipse was purely a technical one. On the other hand, so many astronomers have followed that same straightforward process of calculation so many times that for an error to creep in unnoticed is next to impossible.

With the earth known to be slowing down and the fact that the last eclipse came three seconds late, a theory might be advanced that the same force that is using the brake action was also pushing the earth down in space, or at any rate away from the sun.

Previous eclipses have brought important discoveries with them. For instance, the total eclipse of 1868 was attended by the discovery of helium gas. The eclipse of May, 1919, was memorable for testing and proving Prof. Einstein's theory that rays of light are bent out of their paths by gravity.

The Best of Reasons.

He was an old soldier who had been run over by a fast-moving automobile. His accident made an instant operation imperative, and on coming out of the ether the patient noticed that although it was still daylight all the blinds were drawn.

He called the nurse and asked the reason.

The nurse studied him in silence for a moment. "Feel all right?" she asked.

"Right as rain," replied the other. "But why are the blinds drawn?"

"Well," said the nurse, "there's been a big fire across the road, and we thought that if you awoke too soon you might think the operation had been unsuccessful."

The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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She was curtseying to him when he folded her in his arms, kissing both her cheeks.

"You are as good as you are lovely, and that says much, ma mie. We will talk a little more about this after supper. Permit me, mademoiselle."

He took her hand and led her in leisurely fashion out of the room.

It wondered me that Lucas had not killed him. He looked murder. Happy had the duke disclosed by so much as a quivering eyelid a consciousness of Lucas' rage, of danger to himself, Lucas had struck him down. But he walked straight past, clad in his composure as in armor, and Lucas made no move. I think to stab was the impulse of a moment, gone in a moment. Instantly he was glad he had not killed the Duke of Mayenne, to be cut himself into dice by the guard. After the duke was gone Lucas stood still in a long time, no less furious, but cogitating deeply.

We had gathered up our jewels and locked our box and stood looking in between us, waiting our chance to depart. We might have gone a dozen times during the talking, for none marked us; but M. Etienne, despite my tuggings, refused to budge so long as mademoiselle was in the room. Now was he ready enough to go, but hesitated to see if Lucas would not leave first. That worthy, however, showed no intention of stirring, but remained, in his pose, buried in thought, unaware of our presence. To get out we had to walk round one end of the table, passing either before or behind him. M. le Comte was for marching carelessly before his face, but I pulled so violently in the other direction that he gave way to me. I think now that had we passed in front of him Lucas would have let us go by without a look as we left his presence, but behind his back, he wheeled about to confront us. If the eye of love is quick so is the eye of hate. He cried out instantly:

"Mar!"

We dropped the box and sprang at him. But he was too quick for us. He leaped back, whipping out his sword.

"I have you now, Mar!" he cried.

M. Etienne grabbed up the heavy box in both hands to fling him. Lucas retreated. He might run through M. Etienne, but only at the risk of having his head split. After all it stilled that book as well as to take us alive. Shouting for the guards he retreated toward the door.

But I was there before him. As he ran at M. Etienne I had rushed by, slammed the door shut and bolted it. If we were caught we would make a fight for it. I snatched up a stool for weapon.

He halted. Then he darted over to the chimney and pulled violently the bell-rope hanging near it. We heard through the closed door two loud peals somewhere in the corridor.

We both ran for him. Even as he pulled the rope M. Etienne threw the box over his sword, snapping it. I dropped my stool as he his box and we pinned Lucas in our arms.

"The guards, Lucas!" I cried. With a strength born of our desperation we dragged him kicking and cursing across the room, heaved him with all our force into the oratory and bolted the door on him.

"Your wig!" cried M. Etienne, running to recover his box. While I picked it up and redeveloped the still clumsy fingers to put it on properly he set on its legs the stool I had flung down, threw the piece of Lucas's sword into the fireplace, and his box; dashed to me and set my wig straight, dashed to the outer door and opened it just as Pierre came up the corridor.

"Well, what do you want?" the lackey demanded. "You ring as if it was a question of life and death."

"I want to be shown out, the messer will be so kind. His Highness the duke when he went to supper left me here to put up my wares, but I know not my way to the door."

It was after sunset, and the room back from the windows was dusky. The lackey seemed not to mark our flushed and rumpled looks, and to be quite satisfied with M. Etienne's explanation, when of a sudden Lucas, who had been stunned for the moment by the violent meeting of his head and the tiles, began to pound and kick on the oratory door.

He was shouting as well. But the door closed with absolute tightness ; it had not even a keyhole. His cries came to us muffled and inarticulate.

"Corpo di Bacco!" M. Etienne exclaimed, with a face of childlike surprise. "Some one is in a fine hurry to enter! Do you not let him in, Sir Master of the Household?"

"I wonder whom he's got there now." Pierre muttered to himself in French, staring in puzzled wise at the door. Then he answered M. Etienne with a laugh.

"No, my innocent; I do not let him in. It might cost me my neck to open that door. Come along now. I must see him out and get back to my trenchers."

We met not a soul on the stairs, every one served or servants, being in the supper room. We passed the sentry without question, and round the corner without hindrance. M. Etienne stopped to heave a sigh of thanksgiving.

"I thought we were done for that time!" he panted. "Mordieu! another scrape of Lucas! Come, let us make good time home! 'Twere wise to be inside our gates when he gets out of that closet."

We made good time, ever listening for the hare after us. But we heard it not. We came unmolested up the street at the back of the Hotel St. Quentin, on our way to the postern. Monsieur took the key out of his doublet, saying as we walked around the corner tower:

"Well, it appears we are safe at home."

"Yes, M. Etienne."

Even as I uttered the words three men from the shadow of the wall sprang out and seized us.

"This is he!" one cried. "M. le Comte de Mar, I have the pleasure of taking you to the Bastille."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Instantly two more men came running from the postern arch. The five were upon us like an avalanche. One pinned my arms, while another gagged me. Two held M. Etienne, a third stopping his mouth.

"Prettily done," quoth the leader. "Not a squeal! Morbieu! we wasn't anxious to have old Vigo out disputing my rights."

M. Etienne's wrists were neatly trussed by this time. At a word from the leader our captors turned us about and marched us up the lane by Mirabeau's garden where Bernet's blood lay rusty on the stones. We offered no resistance whatever; we should only have been prodded with a sword point for our pains. I made out despite the thickening twilight the familiar uniform of the burgher guard, M. de Belin having bagged the wrong bird once had now caught the right one.

The captain bade one of the fellows go call the others off; I could guess that the job had been done thoroughly, every man on duty in the house secured. I gnashed my teeth over the gag that I had not suspected the danger. The truth was both of us had our heads so full of mademoiselle, of Mayenne and of Lucas that we had forgotten the governor and his preposterous warrant.

They led us into the Rue de l'Evequin, where was waiting a private black coach that had stood before the Oie d'Or, the same Louis on the box. Its lamps were lighted; by their glimmer the captors for the first time saw us fairly.

"Why, captain," cried the man at M. Etienne's elbow, "this is not Comte de Mar! The Comte is tall and fair-haired; I've seen him scores of times."

"The Comte de Mar answers to the name of Etienne, and so dogs this fellow," the captain answered. He took the candle from one of the lamps and held it in M. Etienne's face. Then he put out a sudden hand and pulled the wig off.

"God for you, captain!" cried the men. We were indeed unfortunate to encounter an officer with brains.

"We'll take your gag off too, M. le Comte, in the coach," the captain told him.

"Will you bring the lass along, captain?"

"Not exactly," the leader laughed. "A fine prison it would be could a felon have his bonnibel at his side. No, I'll take the maid; but she needn't give the alarm yet. Do you stay awhile with her, L'Estrange; you'll not mind the job. Keep her a quarter of an hour, and then let her go her ways."

They bundled my lord into the coach, box and all, the captain and two men with him. The fourth chambered up beside Louis as he cracked his whip and rattled smartly down the street.

My guardian stole a loving arm around my waist and marched me down the quiet lane between the garden walls. He was clutching my right wrist, but my left hand was free, and I fumbled at my gag. In the middle of the deserted lane he halted:

"Now, my beauty, if you'll be good I'll take that stopper off. But if you make a scream, by heaven, it'll be your last!"

I shook my head and squeezed his hand imploringly, while he, holding me tight in one sinewy arm, plucked left-handedly at the knot. I waited, meek as Griselda, till the gag was off, and then I let him have it. Volleying curses, I hammered him square in the eye.

It was a mad course, for he was armed, I not. But instead of stabbing he dropped me like a hot coal, gasping in the blankest consternation:

"Thousand devils! It's a boy!"

A second later, when he recollected himself, I was tearing down the lane.

I am a good runner, and then any one can run well when he runs for his life. Despite the wretched hindrance tying up my legs I gained on him, and when I had reached the corner of our house he dropped the pursuit and made off in the darkness. I gave full tilt round to the great gate, bellowing for the sentry to open. He came at once, with a dripping torch, to burst into roars of laughter at the sight of me. My wig was somewhere in the lane behind me; he knew me perfectly in my silly toggery. He leaned against the wall, helpless with laughing, shouting feebly to his comrades to come share the jest. I, you may well imagine, was nothing loath about it, but kicked and shook the grilles in my rage and impatience. He did open to me at length and in I flashed, clamoring for Vigo. He had appeared in the court by this, as also half a dozen of the guard, who surrounded me with shouts of astonished mockery. But I, little heeding, cried to the equerry:

"Vigo, M. le Comte is arrested! He's in the Bastille!"

Vigo grasped my arm and lifted rather than led me in at the guard-room door, slamming it in the soldiers' faces.

"Now, Felix."

"M. Etienne!" I gasped—"M. Etienne is arrested! They were lying in wait for him at the back of the house by the tower. They have taken him off in a coach to the Bastille."

"Who have?"

"The governor's guard. You'll saddle and pursue? You'll rescue him?"

"How long ago?"

"About ten minutes. The coach was standing at the Rue de l'Eveque. They left a man guarding me, but I broke away."

"It can't be done," Vigo said. "They'll be out of the quarter by now. If I could catch them at all it would be close by the Bastille. No good in that; no use fighting four regiments. What the devil are they arresting him for, Felix? I understand Mayenne wants his blood, but what has the city guard to do with it?"

"It's Lucas's game," I said. Then I remembered that we had not confided to him the tale of the first arrest. I went on to tell of the adventure of the Trois Lanternes, and, reflecting that he might better know just how the land lay with us, I made a clean breast of everything—the fight before Ferou's house, the rescue, the rencontre in the tunnel, to-day's excursion and all that befell in the council-room. I wound up with a second full account of our capture under the very walls of the house, our garrotting before we could cry on the guards to save us. Vigo said nothing for some time; at length he delivered himself:

"Monsieur wouldn't have a patrol about the house. He wouldn't publish to the mob that he feared any danger whatever. Of course no one foresaw this. However, the arrest is the best thing could have happened."

"Vigo!" I gasped in horror. Was Vigo turned traitor? The solid earth reeled beneath my feet.

"He'd never rest till he got himself killed," Vigo went on. "Monsieur's hot enough, but M. Etienne's mad to fight. If they hadn't caught him to-night he'd been in some worse pickle to-morrow; while, as it is, he's safe from swords at least."

"But they can murder as well in the Bastille as elsewhere!" I cried.

Vigo shook his head.

"No; had they meant murder they'd have settled him here in the alley. Since they lugged him off unhurt they don't mean it. I know not what the devil they are up to, but it isn't that."

"It was Lucas's game in the first place," I repeated. "He's too prudent to come out in the open and fight M. Etienne. He never strikes with his own hand; his way is to make some one else strike for him. So he gets M. Etienne into the Bastille. That's the first step, I suppose the third Mayenne will attend to the second."

"Mayenne dares not take the boy's life," Vigo answered. "He could have killed him as he chose in the streets, and nobody the wiser. But now that monsieur's taken publicly to the Bastille, Mayenne dare not kill him there, by foul play or by law—the Duke of St. Quentin's son. No; all Mayenne can do is to confine him at his good pleasure. Whence presently we will pluck him out at King Henry's good pleasure."

"And meantime is he to rot behind bars?"

"Unless monsieur can get him out. But then," Vigo went on, "a month or two in a cell won't be a bad thing for him neither. His head will have a chance to cool. After a dose of Mayenne's purge he may recover of his fever for Mayenne's wench."

"Monsieur! You will send to monsieur?"

"Of course. You will go. And Gilles with you to keep you out of mischief."

"When? Now?"

"Now," said Vigo. "You will go clothe yourself in breeches first, else are you not likely to arrive anywhere but at the madhouse. And then eat your supper. It's a long road to St. Denis."

I ran at once, through a fusillade of jeers from soldiers, grooms and housemen, across the court, through the hall and up the stairs to Vigo's chaqpher. Never was I gladder of anything in my life than to doff those waddling petticoats. Two minutes and I was a man again. I found it in my heart to pity the poor things who must wear the trappings their lives long.

But for all my joy in my freedom I choked over my supper and pushed it away half tasted, in misery over M. Etienne. Vigo might say comfortably that Mayenne dared not kill him, but I thought there were few things that gentleman dared not do. Then there was Lucas to be reckoned with. He had caught his fly in the web; he was not likely to let him go long undevoured. At best, if M. Etienne's life were safe, yet was he helpless, while to-morrow our mademoiselle was to marry. Vigo seemed to think that a blessing, but I was nigh to weeping into my soup. The one ray of light was that she was not to marry Lucas. That was something. Still, when M. Etienne came out of prison, if ever he did—I could scarce bring myself to believe it—he would find his dear vanished over the rocky Pyrenees.

Vigo would not even let me start when I was ready. Since we were too late to find the gates open we must wait till ten of the clock, at which hour the St. Denis gate would be in the hands of a certain Brissac, who would pass us with a wink at the word St. Quentin.

I was so wroth with Vigo that I would not stay with him, but went upstairs into M. Etienne's silent chamber and flung myself down on the window bench his head might never touch again, and wondered how he was faring in prison. I wished I had the power to work some amazing change came over his own. He lowered the light, shielding it with his hand, as if it were an impertinent eye.

"You are Vigo," she said at once.

"Yes; and I know not what noble lady mademoiselle can be, serve—will I please the duke into the house?"

He led the way with his torch, not suffering himself to look at her again. He had his foot on the stairway when she called to him, as if she had been accustomed to addressing him all her life:

"Vigo, this will do. I will speak to you here."

"As mademoiselle wishes. I thought the salon fitter. My cabinet here will be quieter than the hall, mademoiselle."

He opened the door and she entered. He pushed me in next, giving me the torch, and closed to him.

"Ask mademoiselle, Felix, whether she wants me." He amazed me—he who always ordered.

"I want you, Vigo," mademoiselle answered him herself. "I want you to send two men with me to St. Denis."

"To-morrow?"

"No; to-night."

"But mademoiselle cannot go to St. Denis."

"I can and I must."

"They will not let a horse party through the gate at night," Vigo began.

"We will go on foot."

"Mademoiselle," Vigo answered, as if she had proposed flying to the moon, "you cannot walk to St. Denis."

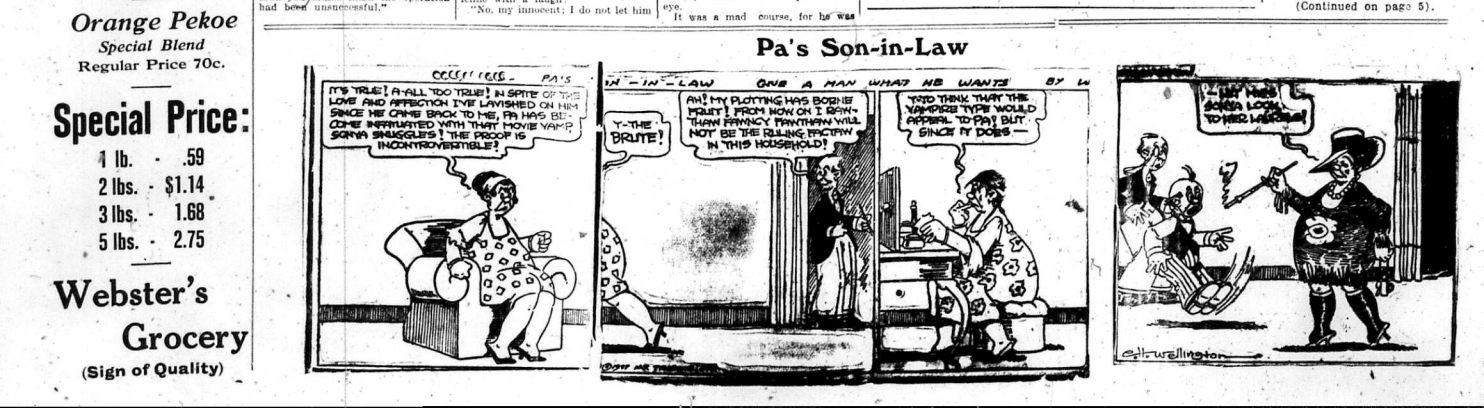
"I must!" she cried.

I had put the flambeau in a socket on the wall. Now that the light shone on her steadily I saw for the first time, though I might have known it from her presence here, how rent with emotion she was, white to the lips, with gleaming eyes and stormy breast. She had spoken low and quietly, but it was a main-force composure, liable to snap like glass. I thought her on the very verge of passionate tears. Vigo looked at her, puzzled, troubled, pitying, as on some beautiful, mad creature. She cried out on him suddenly, her rich voice going up a key:

(Continued on page 5).

"Mar's killed!" Lucas cried. "He is killed!"

Pa's Son-in-Law


IT'S TRUE! A-ALL TOO TRUE! IN SPITE OF THIS LOVE AND AFFECTION I'VE LAVISHED ON HIM SINCE HE CAME BACK TO ME, PA HAS BECOME INFATUATED WITH THE VAMP! SONYA SMUGGLES! THE PROOF IS INCONTROVERTIBLE!
SONYA
Y-THE BRUTE!
AH! MY PLOTTING HAS BORNE FRUIT! FROM NOW ON BEAN-THAN FANNCY PANTHAN WILL NOT BE THE RULING FACTAW IN THIS HOUSEHOLD!
Y'DO THINK THAT THE VAMPIRE TYPE WOULD APPEAL TO PA? BUT SINCE IT DOES—
LITTY HANS GONNA LOOK TO HER LABDWORK
eatwellington

Radio Announcement

We are pleased to announce that we have been appointed exclusive dealers in this district for the

Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets

The Radio that runs from your light socket, and costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

The Q. R. S. Music Co., Toronto, are displaying a full range of 1927-1928 models at their exhibit at Toronto National Exhibition, (west end of Music Building).

Courteous attention will be shown, and expert advice given to all who may call there.

We shall also be glad to show some of these models at our store where you may see and hear this marvellous Radio Set.

A DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME MAY BE ARRANGED AT ANY TIME.

Wilson's Hardware.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Ambulance Service in Connection
Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375
24-6m

Important!

We are Authorized Dealer for

DeForest & Crossley Radios

'Phone 367 and make arrangements with us to install for you a new DeForest & Crossley Batteryless Radio, or, if preferred, one with batteries. We will demonstrate this marvelous set without cost to you in the privacy of your own home.

We carry a full line of Everready Layerbilt Batteries and Moximite Radio Batteries.

All Radio Sets must be licensed. Get your license from us.

We have one of the latest type Chargers to look after your Storage Battery.

Estimates free on application for wiring your home, or renewing old wiring.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heaters, Irons, Toasters, Percolators and Curling Tongs.

Beach and National Electric Ranges. Also Hot Plates.

The Hurley Superior Washing Machine.

Floor Polisher to rent $2.00 per day.

Premier Vacuum Cleaner to rent, $1.25 per day, 65c. half day.

Vine's Electric Shop

MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument of imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

CENTREVILLE FAIR

(Continued from page 1.)

VEGETABLES.

Swedish Turnips—R. Quinn, F. Switzer, H. Sutton.
Carrots—F. Switzer, H. Sutton.
Mangold Wurtzels—Clement Jackson.
Table Beets—S Wagar, Cyrus Wagar, Jno. Files.
Parsnips—Addie Clancy.
Red Onions—O. Drew, Christie Thompson; S. Wagar.
Yellow Onions—D. B. Smith, J. Drew & Son, J. R. Hannah
Early Rose Potatoes—Percy Yeomans, C. Thompson, H. Sutton
Early Eureka Potatoes—Okel Drew, J. Drew & Son.
Irish Cobbler Potatoes — C. Thompson, Frank Switzer.
Dooley Potatoes—C. Wagar, J. Drew & Son, F. Switzer.
Gold Coin Potatoes—J. W. Wartman, Frank Switzer.
Green Mountain—J. W. Wartman, R. Quinn, H. Sutton.
Cabbage—R. Quinn, H. Sutton, C. Thompson.
Celery—M. Lee, D. B. Smith, J. W. Wartman.
Cauliflower—J. W. Wartman, D. B. Smith, J. P. Garbutt.
Field Pumpkin—Addie Clancy, J. W .Wagar, Stan Doupe.
Squash—Addie Clancy, Harry Sutton, C. Thompson.

GRAIN OF 1927.

Fall Wheat—M. Hawley, Wilfrid Whalen.
Spring Wheat—W. Osborne, S. Wagar, M. Hawley.
Rye—M. Hawley, F. Clancy.
Indian Corn in ear—H. Sutton.
Barley—M. Hawley, J. W. Wagar, M. Creighton.
Oats—M. Hawley, Percy Yeomans, C. Thing.
Buckwheat—Mark Hawley.
Timothy Seed—Addie Clancy, W. Osborne, M. Hawley.
Beans—F. Clancy, H. Sutton, W. Osborne.

LADIES' WORK.

Dining room Accessories.
Quilt, pieced—J. W. Wartman, R. Price, Okel Drew.
Comforter—W. Osborne.
Embroidered Spread—W. Osborne, H. Nugent, H. Sutton.
Other Fancy Spread—O. Drew, J. Drew & Son.
Floor Mat, braided—H. Sutton.
Floor Mat, hooked—H. Sutton, W. Osborne.
Floor Mat, woven—O. Shangraw, M. Lee, J. Cassidy.
Rya Embroidery—J. W. Wartman, W. Osborne.
Solid White Embroidery—Addie Clancy, J. W. Wartman.
Drawn Thread Work—W. Osborne.
Tatting—W. Osborne.
Filet Crochet—W. Osborne, H. Sutton, R. Price.
Irish Crochet—W. Osborne, J. E. McGill.
Cut Work—J. W. Wartman, W. Osborne.
Best assortment Ribbon Articles—W. Osborne, A. Clancy.

Living Room Accessories.

Colored Centrepiece—W. Osborne, J. W. Wagar.
Colored Table Scarf—H. Sutton K. Kimmerly.
Embroidered Cushion—H. Sutton, K. Kimmerly.
Other Fancy Cushion—H. Sutton, W. Osborne.
Tea Cloth—W. Osborne, Harry Sutton.
Grey Cloths—Addie Clancy, P. Yeomans.
Centrepiece, white—W. Osborne, E. McGill.
Table Napkins—G. A. McGill, H. Sutton.
Table Napkins—H. Sutton.
Serviettes—W .Osborne, G. A. McGill.
Buffet Set—W .Osborne, Percy Yeomans.

Bedroom Accessories.

Vanity Set—H .Sutton, Frank Thompson.
Pillow Slips, embroidered—G. A. McGill, W .Osborne.
Pillow Slips, other trimming—H. Nugent, J. E .McGill.
Baby's Dress, dainty—W. Osborne, H .Sutton.
Baby's Dress and Bonnet—W. Osborne, Percy Yeomans.
Child's Hand made Sweater and Cap—H. Sutton.
Child's Romper or Play Dress—Geo. A. McGill, W. Osborne.
Collar and Cuff set, home-made —W. Osborne.
Lady's Hand Bag, new style—W. Osborne, Percy Yeomans.
Lady's Nightdress, embroidered—W. Osborne, Addie Caney.
Lady's Nightdress, other hand trimming—W .Osborne, Frank Thompson.
Lady's House Dress—H. Sutton, J. W. Wartman.
Lady's Work Apron—W. Osborne, J. W. Wartman.
Lady's Fancy Apron—H. Sutton W. Osborne.
Lady's Bedroom Slippers, hand made—H. Sutton, Clarence O'Neil
Scarf—W. Osborne.
Socks, hand knit—J. Cassidy, Addie Clancy.
Mitts, hand knit—Addie Clancy John Cassidy.

ART WORK.

Water colors—J. W. Wagar, R. Nugent.
Pencil drawing—Addie Clancy, Geo. A. McGill.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Naturalizing Christianity."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Evening worship. Sermon, "And they left their nets and followed Him."
Wednesday, 8 p.m. —Prayer and Bible study.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Pencil drawing, perspective—Geo. A. McGill ,Addie Clancy.
Poster Design—J. W. Gollinger.
Basketry—W. Osborne.
Collection Kodak Views—H. Sutton, W. Osborne, G. A. McGill.
Single piece Art Work—W. Osborne.
China Painting, Conventional —W. Osborne.
China Painting, Realistic—J. R. Hannah, W. Osborne.

FLORA LEXHIBIT.

Gladioli—Addie Clancy, John Cassidy.
Collection Annuals—H .Sutton, J. Cassidy.
Collection Perennials — John Cassidy, Stan Wagar.
Asters—J. Cassidy, D. B. Smith
Sweet Peas—O. Drew, Addie Clancy.
Two Geraniums, 1 single, 1 double—Addie Clancy, H. Sutton.
House Plant in bloom—M. Creighton, H. Sutton.
House Fern—Addie Clancy, H. Sutton.
Begonia—W. Whalen, Percy Yeomans.
Salvia—H. Sutton, 2nd.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Royal Bank—Registered Bull, Beef Breed, J. R. Hannah, Ed. Glennor; Registered Cow, Beef Breed, C. Thompson, C. Thompson.
Simmes Fisher — 2 year old Heifer, Beefing Breed, Lochhead Bros.
John Judge—Yearling Heifer, C. Thompson, R. Long.
A. W. Milligan—Yearling Bull G. Drew & Son, Fred Clancy.
Ed. O'Connor—Bull Calf, Russell Long, C. Thompson.
C. G. Walker, W. Wartman—Heifer Calf—C. Thompson, Russell Long.
Standard Bank—Bull ,Dairy Breed; Clement Jackson, Frank Smith ; Registered Cow, Dairy Breed, Frank Smith, M. Lawlor.
Frank McLaughlin, 2-yer-old Heifer — W. Breault, Clement Jackson.
Strathcona Paper Co.—Yearling Heifer, Jas. McFarane, Harold Nugent.
F. E. McGill—Yearling Bull, J. McFarlane, Frank Smith.
Geo, Drew & Son—Heifer Calf, W. Breault, Frank Smith.
H. Sutton, Agricultural Society —Grade Cow, giving milk—R. Nugent, H. Nugent.
Roy Wartman, Agricultural Society—Grade Cow—H. Nugent, G. Drew & Son.
C. A. Anderson & Son ; Agricultural Society—Dairy Butter, C. Thompson, D. B. Smith.
R. J .Hannah—Early Potatoes, Cyrus Edgar.
R. J. Hannah—Late Potatoes, Cyrus Edgar.
E. W. Lochhead—Half Bushel of Oats, Mark Hawley
E. W. Lochhead—Half bushel of Barley—Mark Hawley.
E. W. Lochhead ; Agricultural Society—Spring Wheat, W. Osborne.
Frank Breeze—Alfalfa Meal, G. McKim.

CAMDEN EAST.

The Ladies' Aid of Camden East United Church held their monthly meeting in the ladies' parlor of the Church Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 6th. The president, Mrs: D. K. Saul, presided.

An invitation from the secretary of the County Ladies Aid to attend their annual convention to be held at Enterprise on Wednesday, Sept. 28th, was read, after which it was decided to send two delegates. Mrs. Youmans and Mrs. Geo. Scott were appointed as representatives from Camden East Society and it is also hoped that several visitors will attend.

Plans were made for the School Fair, which is to be held on Friday, Sept. 23rd on the school premises, where the Ladies' Aid will serve hot dinners for the nominal charge of 25c. A committee was appointed to take charge of the refreshment booth, also on the church premises where ice cream, candy, etc., will be on sale. Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Youmans were appointed to buy knives and forks for general use in all church purposes.

Material to be made up for the coming bazaar was given out.

Sixteen members answered the roll call and one visitor.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship 11 a.m.
Bethany Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church : Sunday 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :
8.00.—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

Notice !

Don't I am going out of business all accounts due must be paid at once.

JOHN ROBINSON,
42-a-p Massey-Harris Agent.

Notice.

The TAX COLLECTOR will be in his office to receive taxes from one p.m. to four p.m. daily until Wednesday, Sept. 28th, when he will be there daily from 9 a.m., to 4 p.m.

J. G. FENNELL,
42-a **Collector.**

Presented With Club Bag.

Mr. Fred Hosey, who is leaving this week for Auburn, N.Y., and who has been a valued employee of Wiseman's Garage for a number of years, was presented with a handsome club bag by Mr. Wiseman and his fellow employees on his leaving.

Decoration Services.

The annual Decoration Day services by the Napanee Oddfellows was held in Riverview cemetery on Sunday afternoon. The members of Napanee Lodge No. 86, Argyll Lodge No. 212, Mt. Ararat Encampment, and Queen of Sheba Rebecca Lodge took part in the ceremony. The Napanee band furnished the music for the parade to the cemetery and the hymns of the service. Mr. U. M. Wilson, Past Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment and Mr. J. Anderson, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, were the speakers.

Caught in the Toils.

Albert Laporte, 112 St. Nobert, Montreal, John Bagin, 58 Ontario St., Montreal, Armand Plante, 2021 Lake street, Montreal, Albert Wilfred, 2426 Delormier Ave., Montreal, and Frederick Manahan, St. Catherines street, Montreal, were arrested by the Napanee police on Monday, charged with having broken into the roadside store of Mrs. Shea at Storms' Corners and stealing most of the stock in trade as well as some gas and oil. They appeared before the magistrate and were remanded until further information is received from Montreal.

A Severe Storm.

An unusually severe electrical storm, the worst seen here in years, passed over Napanee and vicinity on Saturday evening. For about three hours lightning flashed, accompanied by an almost continuous roll of thunder. Rain fell in sheets, taxing the storm sewers and drains to their utmost capacity. Many cellars received an unlooked for amount of water, but without much serious damage. The Hydro service was put out of commission very soon after the storm commenced, the lights being off (both on the house services, and the stores had many make shifts in order to get light enough to see. The storm came at a time when the merchants were prepared and expecting the usual Saturday night rush, but on this occasion there was no rush, excepting homeward. There was no damage reported in the immediate vicinity of the town, but through the country a dozen barns were struck and destroyed.

During the storm on Saturday evening, at a certain farm house not far from Napanee, six men and a dog were sitting around the kitchen stove. Lightning struck the chimney and passing down to the stove slightly shocked one of the men who was leaning the stove at the time and killed the dog who was laying against the leg of the stove.

ST. ANDREW'S W. M. S.

On Friday afternoon, Sept. 9th, the W.M.S. of St. Andrew's Church held a most interesting and helpful meeting. For the prayer service a paper on "Prayer" was read by Mrs. Laughland, the President, and was interspersed with prayers for missionary workers, for deaconesses, and for foreigners and home mission work. The meeting proper opened by all repeating a missionary creed, and Miss Gandier reading the Scripture lesson.

Mrs. Denison kindly favored the audience with a missionary solo, which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

The new study book, "New Paths for Old Purposes," by Margaret Burton, was most ably and interestingly introduced by Mrs. Gilbride. She told how the world has grown smaller as a result of railroads, newspapers, motor cars, radios and movies, thus the people of heathen lands know what is happening here and how we live. Increasing travel and commerce also enable them to see us as we really are. They judge Christianity, not by what we say, but by what we do and how we live, thus if we are going to win the East for Christianity, we in the West, must live Christianity, which is no trifling challenge.

A story on Christian stewardship was interestingly read by Mrs. Valkman. The tea hostesses were Mrs. Howitt and Mrs. McMurrin.

The October meeting is the regular Thank-offering—an open meeting, to which all members of the congregation and others are cordially invited.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Communion service.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach at both services.

IN QUAINT DALMATIA

OLD WORLD BEAUTY BELONGS TO THE PAST.

From the Time of the Illyrian Pirates Boka Has Been the Home of Great Mediterranean Sailors, But Glories Are Fast Disappearing.

The quaint, old world beauty of Dalmatia, that little titular kingdom in the Cisleithan division of Austria-Hungary, is dying, says a writer in the London Times.

To the stricken war generation, which shuns all contact with modern civilization, the Gulf of Cattaro offers a consolation of solitude which is not to be found elsewhere even on this golden coast. Under a northern climate, the Boka, with its grim, overhanging mountains and its dark, unfathomable waters, would look like the entrance to the valley of the shadow of death, but in the sunshine of the south the beauty of the panorama is increased rather than lessened by the presence of an all-powerful and awe-inspiring Nature.

The glories of the Boka belong to the past, and to-day its little townships are slowly dying, ruined by the substitution of the steamship for the sailing vessel. From the time of the Illyrian pirates down to the end of last century the Boka was the home of the great Mediterranean sailing masters.

To many it will be new that under the Venetians the Croats were sailors in every way worthy to be ranked with England's best. And in the Boka furnished the best sailors on the Adriatic, so Perasto produced the best sailors in the Boka. There, in days gone by, the great Venetian and Croatian captains made their homes and built their palaces and their churches.

For, in spite of the presence of orthodox Serbs and Montenegrins in the neighboring ports, Perasto was pre-eminently Roman Catholic, and even to-day the Perastini have remained true to their ancient faith. They were a race apart and of sailors, but of fighters whose whole life was a battle against the sea and the Turk. When the Venetian Commander-in-Chief put down his flag he was always guarded by the twelve bravest men of Perasto.

To-day Perasto, nestling in the sun beneath the precipice of St. Elias, with its two islands of St. George and the Madonna of the Rock standing out in defence to the black velvet of the water, is the gem of the whole coast. The mighty mariners have gone to their last sleep, but the Madonna herself is still worshipped by every true sailor, no matter what his origin.

The Madonna has a curious history. When the sirocco blows the Boka can be very rough, and terrible is the toll it has taken in ships and in human lives. So, to give peace to Perasto is through a narrow bottle-neck called The Chains, so-named because the inhabitants used to throw a barrier of chains across the channel in order to keepout the constant stream of pirates.

Until the middle of the fifteen century the island which the Madonna now graces was unknown. Indeed, it was only a partially submerged rock. One night, however, after a violent storm, a shipwrecked mariner was found clinging to the reef with the miraculous Madonna in his hand. No one knew how it came there or how it be there. From that day the Madonna has been the special guardian of all Perasto's seafaring men.

Her island has been built up piously with stones brought from far and near by grateful sailors, and the Madonna herself, a beautiful picture from the early Renaissance period, is enshrined in a church surrounded by cypresses. Indeed, every year, on the 15th of August, sailor pilgrims of every race come to pay her homage and to add a stone to her island home. The wall of [illegible] party of the British fleet in 1926 is still the chief event in the life of the modern [illegible]nastine.

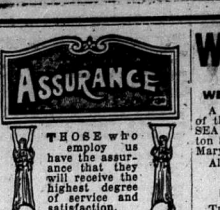
The poverty of the inhabitants is almost indescribable. Even in the old days when the whole Boka lived on the Austrian fleet, the bulk of the young men entered the Austrian service, and the parents eked out their scanty income with the remittances which these sailors sent home. To-day, the war and the American immigration laws have put an end to this outlet, and the present generation lacks the initiative to break new ground.

Even Cattaro itself has the imprint of a dying town. It is the gate to Montenegro. From its back doorlands the path up the mighty Lovchen, the grim mountain which guards the fastness of the Montenegrin capital. Here, on Sundays and on feast days, one can see the contrast between the old-world and the new American civilization.

Behind the town the Montenegrins are dancing their "kolo," a kind of Scottish eightsome in which man and women outvie each other in their frenzied leaps and bounds. When the dance is over, the women shoulder their packs and, laden like mules, begin without complaint the long ascent to Cettinje, while the men, picturesque and fierce-looking, follow leisurely behind, idle but magnificent.

Two steps across a narrow bridge and one is on the garrison football ground. England's one contribution to Yugoslav civilization, and then a short walk to the dance-hall on the harbor front, where to syncopated American music young girls with short skirts and shingled hair are dancing a super-Charleston with sleek and dapper Serbian officers.

Some day, when capitalists begin to devour the timber of Montenegro, the Boka will ring once more with the shouts of sailors, and the inhabitants grow rich again on sea-borne commerce. But the old-world peace will have vanished. Even now the black smoke from the new arsenal, built by the Yugoslav Government is [illegible] round the bend, begins to obscure the view.



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MASTERS & TIERNEY
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
AMBULANCE SERVICE
PHONE 88 DAY OR NIGHT

Attention ! Church Committees !

The decorating of a church interior is quite a serious problem. It costs the congregation from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars as a rule, not to mention the trouble and confusion the congregation is put to. If the work can be depended on, to last at least a generation, it is well worth it, for a church interior in a poor and shabby condition is a disgrace to a community. I have seen dozens of church interiors in a most dilapitated condition, walls and ceilings scaling, but through no faut of the committee or board who had charge of the decorating, though only recently done. They overlooked one great thing, however, they neglected to make sure that only A—1 material was being used. Few decorators care to give a written guarantee, and if not backed by some reliable firm it is often useless. There are ways, however, to secure a genuine guarantee, either backed by a reliable firm or by other simple means, and it is the only protection committees have, for unfortunately they are the ones who get the blame when the work proves to be a failure. Now, in dealing with me, you are indirectly dealing with one of the most powerful and reliable firms in Canada, the Alabastine Co., of Paris, Ont., and if the work is done with their product, a written guarantee is given by them as to the durability of the work. But suppose a committee desires the work to be done in oil paint, and a great many committees prefer oil paint to water color paint. I will show you a way by which you can be absolutely sure that only the best quality of lead and fresco oil tints will be used and equal to any guarantee. Also remember, our winter prices start Oct. 1st, til May, 1928. If your church needs decorating drop me a line, and let me advise you, which is not under the slightest obligation. There is no reason why church interiors, in small places, should present, an inferior appearance. Our prices are within reach of all. At present re-decorating oil color like St. Andrews in Napanee, Ont..

G. B. C. VAN DER FEEN,
35 Dunn Avanue,
42-a-p TORONTO.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

A Spanish carnival forms one of the beautiful scenes of "THE SEA TIGER," which features Milton Sills as a Spanish fisherman. Mary Astor plays opposite.

Also a 2-reel Western.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Trained horses, clowns, acrobats, chariots—the full panoply of a circus, was assembled to support Lon Chaney in his latest mystery role, in "THE UNKNOWN."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Joseph Schildkraut has the chief role in "THE HEART THIEF." It is based upon Lajos Biro's stage play, "The Highwayman." Lya de Putti is featured in the feminine leading role.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Cause of Wearing Wigs In Olden Days.

The custom of wearing wigs is an ancient one. Egyptian mummies have been found wearing wigs nearly as well made as those of our own times. In early Greece both men and women wore wigs. In Rome no fashionable toilet was complete without one, wives of noblemen always choosing dark hair; yellow wigs were of very little repute.

Queen Elizabeth had a large number of wigs, and it is said that when Mary Queen of Scots went visiting her wigs required a special coach. Pepys boldly declared that he spent three pounds for a new wig.

It was in France, however, that the fashion of wigs reached its highest point. Louis XIII. himself nearly bald, started the fashion of wigwearing, and his court soon followed his example.

Wigs at that time became a craze. Elaborate head-dresses, three, five, and even six feet tall, were made directly upon the head. The natural hair was shaved as far as it would go, and then false hair was employed to make the edifice complete. They were worn for much expense and labor that they were left intact for days, their wearers moving and sleeping with extreme care.

Bed-makers had to make beds 15 feet long. Women had to kneel on the floors of their coaches or with their heads stuck out of the window. Doors had to be raised to allow the fashionable to pass through.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.
Belleville, Ontario.
(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates.** Free Catalogue explains the opportunities as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers.**

Students may start at any time.
Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.
40-1

If Everybody Did It !

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail ? Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned ? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result ? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular purchase is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how prone many are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in your community except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

SCHOOL FAIR DATES

Lennox and Addington, 1927

Stella	September 13th
Selby	September 14th
Tamworth	September 15th
Anderson	September 16th
Sillsville	September 19th
Denbigh	September 21st
Flinton	September 22nd
Camden East	September 23rd
Centreville	September 26th

HARRY KELLER'S
Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence Jinner.
Finger Wave Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing.
All tools sterilized.
Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle.....75c.
Shampoo.....50c.
Hair Cut.....35c.
Also Scalp Treatment

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA 1873 1923

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

"You need not say 'cannot' to me, Vigo! You know not how I came here. I was locked in my chamber. I chanced matters with my Norman maid. There was a sentry at each end of the street. I slid down a rope of my bedclothes; it was dark—they did not see me. I knocked at Feron's door—thank the saints, it opened to me quickly! I told M. Feron—God forgive me!—that Bussigny had come for the duke at the other end of the tunnel. He took me through and I came here."

"But, mademoiselle, the bats!" I cried.

"Yes, the bats," she returned with a little smile. "And my hands on the ropes!" She turned them over; the skin was torn cruelly from her delicate palms and the inside of her fingers. Little threads of blood marked the course. "Then I came here," she repeated. "In all my life I have never been in the streets alone—not even for one step at noonday. Now will you tell me, M. Vigo, that I cannot go to St. Denis?"

"Mademoiselle, it is yours to say what you can do."

As for me, I dropped on my knees and laid my lips to her fingers softly, for fear even their pressure might hurt her tenderness.

"Mademoiselle!" I cried in pure delight. "Mademoiselle, that you are here!"

She flushed under my words.

"Ah, it is no little thing brought me. You know M. de Mar was arrested?"

We assented; she went on more to me than to Vigo—it is telling me she was telling M. Etienne. She spoke low as if in pain.

"After supper M. de Mayenne went back to his cabinet and let out Paul de Lorraine."

"I wish we had killed him," I muttered. "It is not the first time we've wished."

"M. de Mayenne sent for me then," she went on, wetting her lips. "I have never seen him so angry. He was furious because M. de Mar had been before his face and he had not known it. He felt he had been made a mock of. He was scornful when I said I knew he could be so angry. He said the Spanish envoy was too good for me; I should marry Paul de Lorraine to-morrow."

"Mordieu, mademoiselle!"

"That was not it. I had borne that!" she added. "Maytime I carved it. But while my lord thundered at me word came that M. de Mar was taken. My lord swore he should die. He swore we should die with him at naught and lived to boast of it."

"Will!"

She went on unheeding:

"He said he should be tried for the murder of Pontou—he should be tortured to make him confess it."

She dropped down on her knees, hiding her face in her arms on the table, shaking from head to foot as in an ague. Vigo swore to himself, loudly, violently: "If Mayenne do that, by the throne of heaven, I'll kill him."

She sprang to her feet, dry-eyed, fierce as a young lioness.

"Is that all you can say? Mayenne may torture him and be killed for it?"

"I shall send to the duke"—Vigo began.

"Aye! I shall go to the duke! I can say who killed Pontou. I know much besides to tell the king. I was Mayenne's cousin, but if he would save his secrets he must give up M. de Mar. Mother of God!" I heard his obedient child; I have let him do so with me as he would. I sent my lover away. I consented to the Spanish marriage. But to this I will not submit. He shall not torture and kill Etienne de Mar!"

Vigo took her hand and kissed it.

"Shall we start, Vigo? Once at St. Denis I am hostage for his safety. The king can tell Mayenne that if Mar is tortured he will torture me! Mayenne may not tender me greatly, but he will not relish his cousin's breaking on the wheel."

"Mayenne won't torture M. Etienne," Vigo said, putting her hand in both of his, forgetting she was a great lady, he an equerry. "Fear not! you will save him, mademoiselle."

"Let us go!" she cried feverishly. "Let us go!"

Gilles was in the court waiting, stripped of his livery, dressed peaceably as a porter. But with a mallet in his hand that I should not like to receive on my crown. I thought we were ready, but Vigo bade us wait. I stood on the housesteps with mademoiselle, while he took aside Squinting Charlot for a low-voiced, emphatic interview.

"Must we wait?" mademoiselle urged me, quivering like the arrow on the bowstring. "They may discover I am gone. Need we wait?"

"Aye," answered; "if Vigo bids us. He knows."

We waited then. Vigo disappeared presently. Mademoiselle and I stood patient with, oh! what impatience in our heart, wondering how he could so hinder us. Not till he came back did it dawn on me for what we had stayed. He was dressed as an undergroom, not a tag of St. Quentin colors on him.

"I beg a thousand pardons, mademoiselle. I had to give my lieutenant his orders. Now, if you will give the word we go."

"Do you go, M. Vigo?" She breathed deep. It was easy to see she looked upon him as a regiment.

"Of course," Vigo answered, as if there could be no other way.

I said in pure devilry to try to ruffle him:

"Vigo, you said you were here to guard monsieur's interests—his house, his goods, his moneys. Do you desert your trust?"

Mademoiselle turned quickly to him:

"Vigo, you must not let me take you from your rightful post. Felix and your man here will care for me"—

"The boy talks silliness, mademoiselle," Vigo returned tranquilly. "Mademoiselle is worth a dozen hotels. I go with her."

He walked beside her across the court, I following with Gilles, laughing to myself. Only yesterday had Vigo declared that never would he give me comfort here. Mille. de Montluc. It was no marvel she had conquered M. Etienne, for he must surely have been in love with every one, but in bringing Vigo to her feet she had won a triumph indeed.

We had to go out by the great gate, because the key of the postern was in the Bastile. But as if by magic every guardsman and hanger-about had disappeared—there was not one to stare at the lady, though when we had passed some one locked the gates behind us. Vigo called me up to make monsieur's left. Gilles was to loiter behind, far enough to seem not to belong to us, near enough to come up at need. Thus at a leisurely pace mademoiselle stepping out as brave as any of us, we set out across the city for the Porte St. Denis.

Our quarter was very quiet; we scarce met a soul. But afterward, as we reached the neighborhood of the markets, the streets grew livelier. Now were we gladder than ever of Vigo's escort, for whenever we approached a band of the rabble or gentlemen with lights mademoiselle sheltered herself behind the equerry's broad back, hidden from the onlooker. Once the gallant M. de Champfleury, he who in pink silk had adorned Mme. de Mayenne's salon, passed us close enough to touch her. She heaved a sigh of relief when he was by. For her own sake she had no fear; the midnight streets, the open road to St. Denis, had no power to daunt her; but the dread of being recognized and turned back rode her like a nightmare.

Close by the gate Vigo bade us pause in the door of a shop while he went forward to reconnoitre. Before long he returned.

"All is well, mademoiselle. Brissac's not on. I don't know the officer, but he knows me, that's the worst of it. He told me this was not St. Quentin's night. Well, we must try the Porte Neuve."

But mademoiselle demurred.

"You will be out of your way, will it not, Vigo? It is a longer road from the Porte Neuve to St. Denis?"

"What else to do? We must get through the walls."

"Suppose we fare no better at the Porte Neuve? If your Brissac is there he'll not be on at night, Vigo, I propose that we part company here. They will not know Gilles and Felix at this hour. You will"—

"No," Vigo said doubtfully; "but"—

"Then we get through!" she cried. "They will not stop us, such humble folk! We are going to the bedside of our dying mother at St. Denis. Your name, Gilles?"

"Forestier, mademoiselle," he stammered, startled.

"Then are we all Forestiers—Gilles, Felix and Jeanne. We can pass out, Vigo; I am sure we can pass out. I am loath to part with you, but I fear if we are in the Porte Neuve. My absence may be discovered—I must place myself without the walls speedily."

"Mademoiselle may try it," Vigo gave reluctant consent. "If you are refused we can fall back on the Porte Neuve. Gilles"—he turning me aside—"listen to me, you fellows. You will deliver mademoiselle into monsieur's hands or answer to me for it. I'll have you broken like little finger—well, trust me!"

"That's understood," we answered, saluting together.

"Mademoiselle need have no doubts of them," Vigo said. "Felix is M. le Comte's own henchman. And Gilles is the best man in the household next to me. God speed you, my lady. I am here if they turn you back."

We went boldly round the corner and up the street to the gate. The sentry walking his beat ordered us away without so much as looking at us. Then Gilles, appointed spokesman, demanded to see the captain of the watch. His errand was urgent.

But the sentry showed no disposition to budge. Had we a passport? No, we had no passport. Then we could go about our business. There was no leaving Paris by night save by Call the captain? No; he would do nothing of the kind. Be off, then!

But at this moment hearing the altercation, the officer of the night came out of the guardroom in the tower, and to him Gilles at once began his story. Our mother at St. Denis had sent for us to come to her dying bed. He was a street porter; the messenger had had trouble to find him. His younger brother aided his master in service, kept to their duties till late. Our mother might even now be yielding up the ghost for it. Pitiful! Monsieur le Capitaine; might we not be permitted to pass?

The young officer appeared less interested in this moving tale than in the face of mademoiselle, lighted up by the flambeau on the tower wall.

"I should be glad to oblige your charming sister," he returned, smiling, "but none goes out of the city without a passport. Perhaps you have one, though, from my Lord Mayenne?"

"Would our kind he carrying a passport from the Duke of Mayenne?" quoth Gilles.

"It seems improbable," the officer smiled, pleased with his wit. "Sorry to disconsider you, my dear. But perhaps, lacking a passport, you can yet oblige me with the countersign, which does as well. Just one little word now and I'll let you through."

"If monsieur will tell me the little word?" she asked innocently.

He burst into laughter.

"No, no; I am not to be caught so easy as that, my girl."

"Oh, come, monsieur captain," Gilles urged, "many and many a fellow goes in and out of Paris without a passport. The rules are a net to stop big fish and let the small try go. What harm will it do to my Lord Mayenne or you or anybody if you have the gentleness to let three poor servants through to their dying mother?"

"It desolates me to hear of her extremity," the captain answered with a fine irony, "but I am here to do my duty. I am thinking, my dear, that you are some great lady's maid?"

He was eying her sharply, suspiciously; she made haste to protest:

"Oh, no, monsieur; I am servant to Mme. Mesnier, the grocer's wife."

"And perhaps you serve in the shop?"

"No, monsieur," she said, not seeing his drift, but on guard against a trap. "No, monsieur; I am never in the shop. I am far too busy with my work. Monsieur does not seem to understand what a servant lass has to do."

For answer he took her hand and lifted it to the light, revealing all its smooth whiteness, its dainty, polished nails.

"I think mademoiselle does not understand it either."

With a little cry she snatched her hand from him, hiding it in the folds of her skirts, regarding him with open terror. He softened somewhat at sight of her distress.

"Well, it's none of my business if a lady chooses to be masquerading round the streets at night with a porter and a lackey. I don't know what your purpose is—I don't ask to know. But I'm here to keep my gate, and I'll keep it. Go try to wheedle the officer at the Porte Neuve."

In helpless obedience, glad of even so much leniency, we turned away—to face a tall, grizzled veteran in a colonel's shoulder-straps. With a dragoon at his back he had come so softly out of a side alley that not even the captain had marked him.

"What's this, Guilbert?" he demanded.

"Some folks seeking to get through the gates, sir. I've just turned them away."

"What were you saying about the Port Neuve?"

"I said they could go see how that gate is kept. I showed them how this is."

"Why must you pass through at this time of night?" said the commanding officer civilly. Gilles once again bemoaned the dying mother. The young captain, eager to prove his fidelity, interrupted him:

"I believe that's a fairy tale, sir. There's something queer about these people. The girl says she is a grocer's servant, and has hands like a duchess's."

The colonel looked at us sharply, neither friendly nor unfriendly. He said in a perfectly neutral manner:

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It is of no consequence whether she be a servant or a duchess—has a mother or not. The point is whether these people have the countersign. If they have it they can pass, whoever they are."

"They have not," the captain answered at once. "I think you would do well, sir, to demand the lady's name."

Mademoiselle started forward for a bold stroke just as the superior officer demanded of her: "The countersign?" As he said the word she pronounced distinctly her name:

"Lorance"—

"Enough!" the colonel said instantly. "Pass them through, Guilbert."

The young captain stood in a mull, but no more hard-faced than we.

"Mighty queer!" he muttered. "Why didn't she give it to me?"

"Sir yourself, sir!" his superior drew sharply command. "Listen! I have the countersign; pass them through."

As the gates clanged into place behind us Gilles stopped short in his tracks to say, as if addressing the darkness before him: "Am I, Gilles, awake or asleep? Are we in Paris or are we on the St. Denis road?"

"Oh, come, come!" Mademoiselle hastened us on, murmuring half to herself as we went. "Oh, the wisdom, saints! I saw he could not make us out for friends or foes; I thought my name might turn the scale. Mayenne always gives a name for the countersign; to-night, by a marvel, it was mine!"

I like not to think often of that five-mile tramp to St. Denis. The road was dark, gutty and in places still miry from Monday night's rain. Strange shadows dogged us all the way. Sometimes they were only bushes or wayside shrines, but sometimes they moved. This was not now a well country, but two-footed wolves were plenty and as dangerous. The hangers-on of the army—beggars, leagues and footpads—hovered, like the cowardly beasts of prey they were, about the outskirts of the city. Did a twig rustle we started; did a shambling shape in the gloom whine for alms we made ready for onset. Gilles crept up from some place of concealment—his jerkin or his leggings or somewhere—a brace of pistols, and we walked with finger on trigger, taking care, whenever a rustle in the grass, a shadow in the bushes seemed to follow us, to laud and cheerfully our common things, the little interests of a humble station. Thanks to this diplomacy or the pistol barrels shining in the faint starlight none molested us, though we encountered more than one mysterious company. We never passed into the gloom under an arch of trees without the resolution to fight for our lives. We never came out again into the faint light of the open road without wondering thanks to the saints—silent thanks, for we never spoke a word of any fear, Gilles and I. I know mademoiselle knew well enough, yet never showed by so much as the turn of her head that she suspected any danger, but, eyes on the distant lights of St. Denis, walked straight along, half a step ahead of us all the way. Bride as we might, we two strong fellows could never quite keep up with her.

The journey could not at such pace stretch out forever. Presently the distant lights were no longer distant, but near, never, close at hand—the lights of the outposts of the camp. A sentinel started out from the coign of a wall to stop us, but when we had told our errand he became as friendly as a brother. He went across the road into a neighboring tourmebride to report to the officer of the guard, and came back presently with a torch and the order to take us to the Duke of St. Quentin's lodgings.

It was near an hour after midnight and St. Denis was in bed. Save for a drowsy patrol here and there we met no one. Fewer than the patrols were the lanterns hung on ropes across the streets—these were the only lights, for the houses were one and all as dark as tombs. Not till we had reached the middle of the town did we see, in the second story of a house in the square, a beam of light shining through the shutter chink.

"Some one in mischief," Gilles pointed.

"Aye," laughed the sentry, "your duke. This is where he lodges, over the saddler's."

He knocked with the butt of his musket on the door. The shutter above creaked open, and a voice—monsieur's voice—asked, "Who's there?"

Mademoiselle was concealed in the embrasure of the doorway; Gilles and I stepped back into the street where monsieur could see us.

"Gilles Forestier and Felix Broux, monsieur, just from Paris, with news."

"Wait."

"Is it all right, M. le Duc?" the sentry asked, saluting.

"Yes," monsieur answered, closing the shutter.

The soldier, with another salute to the blank window and a nod of "Good-by, then," to us, went back to his post. Left in darkness, we presently heard monsieur's quick step on the floor above, then the unfastening of the bolts. He opened to us, standing there fully dressed, with a guttering candle.

"My word!" he said instantly.

Mademoiselle, crouching in the shadow of the door-post, pushed me forward. As I was to tell him.

"Monsieur, he was arrested and driven to the Bastile to-night between 7 and 8 by Jacques—Paul de Lorraine—went to the governor and swore that M. Etienne killed the lackey Pontou in the house in the "Rue Coupe-gueule" and that I—Felix Broux—Lucas told Mayenne so. Mlle. de Montluc heard him, too. And here is mademoiselle."

At the word she came out of the shadow and slowly over the threshold.

Her alarm and passion had swept her to the door of the Hotel de Montluc in a whirlwind sweeps a leaf. She had come without thought of herself, without arms, without fear. Now in the first heat of her impulse was gone. Her long tramp had left her faint and weary, and here she had to face not the equerry and a page, but a duke in command, but a great duke, the enemy of her house. She came blushfully in her peasant dress, dirty from the road, common road, hair ruffled by the night winds, to show herself for the first time to the lover's father, opposer of her hopes, thwarter of her marriage. Proud and shy, she drifted over the doorsill and stood a moment, neither lifting her eyes nor speaking, like a bird whom the least movement would startle into flight.

But monsieur made none. He kept as still, as tongue-tied as she, looking at her as if he could hardly believe her presence real. Then as the silence prolonged itself it seemed to frighten her more than the harsh speech she may have feared; with a desperate courage she raised her eyes to his face.

The spell was broken. Monsieur stepped forward and caught her.

"Mademoiselle, you have come a journey. You are tired. Let me give you some refreshment; then will you tell me the story."

It was an unlucky speech, for she had been on the very point of unburdening herself; but now, without a word, she accepted his escort down the passage. But as she went she flung to me an imploring glance; I was to come too. Gilles bolted the door again and sat down to wait on the staircase; but, though we might have not bidden me, followed him and mademoiselle. It troubled me that she should so dread him—him, the warmest hearted of all men. But if she needed me to give her confidence here I was.

Monsieur led her into a little square parlor at the end of the passage. It was just behind the shop, I knew, it smelt so of leather. Doubtless the sitting and eating room of the saddler's family. Monsieur set his candle down on the table in the middle; then, on second thought, took it up again and lighted two iron sconces on the wall.

"Pray sit, mademoiselle, and rest," he bade, for she was starting up in nervousness from the chair where he had put her. "I will return in a moment."

When he had gone from the room I said to her, half hesitating, yet eagerly:

"Mademoiselle, you were never afraid on the way, where there was good cause for fear. But now there is nothing to dread."

She rose and fluttered round the walls of the room, looking for something. I thought it was for a way of escape, but it was not, for she passed the three doors and came back to her place with an air of disappointment, smoothing the loose strands of her hair.

"I never before went anywhere unmasked," she murmured.

Monsieur entered with a salver containing a silver jug of wine and some Rheims biscuit. He offered it to her formally; she accepted with marvelously much grace and sat, barely touching the wine to her lips, crumbling the biscuit into bits with restless fingers, making the pretense of a meal serve as excuse for her silence. Monsieur glanced at her, puzzled-wise, waiting for her to speak. The little fiction of refreshment to visit him he could not have been more surprised. It seemed to him discourtesy to press her; he waited for her to explain her presence.

I wanted to shake mademoiselle. With a dozen swift words, with a glance of the eye, she could have swept monsieur off his feet as she had swept Vigo. And instead she sat there, her darling head on one side like a child's, enfight stealing sweets. She had found words to defend herself from the teasing tongues at the Hotel de Lorraine, to plead Vigo's cause, to fetch Lucas, to move Mayenne himself; but she could not find one syllable for the Duke of St. Quentin. It was like a child's attention the laughing coquette, the stout champion, the haughty great lady, the timid lover, but with a face like a child, blushing, stammering, constrained.

Had monsieur attacked her with bitter reproaches, had he demanded of her up and down what had brought her this strange road at such amazing hour and in such unfitting company, and once started, she would quickly have kindled her fire again. Had he, first of all, said to her, in his fatherly, couraging word, given her ever so little a push, she had gone on easily enough. But he did neither. He was considerate as he had been to Vigo, his coldness real; he could not look on her as other than the daughter of his Coupe-gueule enemy. He was not going had schemed to kill him, will-o'-the-wisp who had lured his son to disaster. Partly was it mere absence; St. Etienne might be dead to him more than mademoiselle's. When she spoke not he turned impatiently to me.

"Tell me, Felix, what is it."

Before I could answer him the door behind us opened to admit two gentlemen, shoulder to shoulder. They stood much alike, plainly, in black. One was about thirty years of age, tall, thin-faced and dark, and of the appearance of a page, but many years. Living was serious business to him; his eyes were thoughtful, steady and full of gravity. The other was some ten years older; his beard and curling hair, worn away from his forehead by the helmet's chafing, were already streaked with gray. But his eyes—a great beak of a nose and dark-grey eyes as keen as a hawk's, and a look about him seemed to tingle with it. We had all done something, we others; we were no shirks or sluggards in living, but this man put us out, penny candles before the sun. I deem not Jeanne the Maid did any more prodigies than he, and I did not charles at Chinon. Here was I, a common lout, never heard a heavenly voice in all my days, and he, in the flick of an eye I that this was Henri Quatre.

I was hot and cold and trembling, my heart pounded till it was like to choke me. I had never dreamed of finding myself in his presence. I had never thought to face any man more than a thousand to make. For the moment I was utterly discomfited. Then I bethought me that not for God alone were legions made, and I slid down quietly to the floor, hoping I did right, but reflecting for my comfort that in any case I was too small to give great offense.

Mademoiselle started out of her chair and swept a curtsey almost to the ground, holding it there, rigid as like a lady of marable. Only monsieur remained standing as he was, as if a king was every day's affair to him. I always thought monsieur a great man, but now I knew it.

The king, leaving his companion to close the door, was across the room in three strides.

"I am come to look after you, St. Quentin," he said, "since you could not have my council broken up by pretty grisettes. The precedent is dangerous."

With the liveliest curiosity and amusement he surveyed the top of mademoiselle's bent head and monsieur's puzzled, frowning countenance.

"This is no grisette, sire," monsieur answered, his manner changed in an instant to one of utmost deference.

"Rise, mademoiselle," he begged, as if her appearance were the most natural and desirable thing in the world: "I could wish it were my good adversary Mayenne himself who was come to treat with us; but he wanted his cousin shall lack no courtesy."

She swayed lightly to her feet, raising her face to the king's. Into his countenance, which mirrored his emotions like a glass, came a quick delight at the sight of her. The color waxed and waned in her cheeks; her breath fluttered uncertainly; her eyes, anxious, eager, searched his face.

"I cry Your Majesty's good pardon," she faltered. "I had urgent business with M. de St. Quentin—I did not guess he was with Your Majesty."

"The king's business is glad to step aside for yours, mademoiselle."

She curtseyed, blushing, hiding her eyes under their sooty lashes; thinking as I did I made no doubt here was a king indeed. His Majesty went on:

"I can well believe, mademoiselle, 'tis no trifling matter brings you at midnight to our rough quarters. We will not delay you further, but be at pains to remember that it in anything Henry of Navarre can do you he stands at your command."

He made a noble bow and took her hand to kiss; when she, like a child that sees itself losing a protector, clutched his hand in her little trembling fingers, her wet eyes fixed imploringly on his face. He beamed upon her; he felt no desire whatever to be gone.

"Am I to stay?" he asked radiantly; then with grave gentleness he added: "Mademoiselle is in trouble. Will she bring her trouble to the king? That is what a king is for—to ease his subjects' burdens."

She could not speak; she made him a low obeisance with a look out of the depths of her soul.

Then are you my subject, mademoiselle?" he demanded slyly.

She shook the tears from her lashes and found her voice and her smile to answer:

"Sire, I was a true Ligueuse this morning. But I came here half Navarraise, and now I swear I am wholly one."

"Now, that is good hearing!" the king cried. "Such a recruit from Mayenne! Also is it heartening to discover that my enemies is not the only sudden one in the world. It has taken me five months to turn my coat, but here is mademoiselle turns hers in a day."

He had glanced over his shoulder to point this out to M. de Rosny, but now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking terrified again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful grave; but as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile always. Will you tell me what is the trouble, my child?"

"Gladly, sire," she answered, and dropped down a respectful knee before him to kiss his hand.

I marvelled that Mayenne and all his armies had been able to keep this man out to St. Quentin, that now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking terrified again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful grave; but as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile always. Will you tell me what is the trouble, my child?"

"Gladly, sire," she answered, and dropped down a respectful knee before him to kiss his hand.

I marvelled that Mayenne and all his armies had been able to keep this man out to St. Quentin, that now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking terrified again. Mayenne's power grew stronger every day, why? every hour brought him new allies from the ranks of the League. You had only to see him to adore him. Once get him into Paris, the struggle would be over. They would put up with no other for king.

"Sire," mademoiselle said with hesitancy, "I shall tire you with my story."

"I am greatly in dread of it," the king answered, ceremoniously placing her in a chair before seating himself to listen. Then, to give her a moment, I think, to collect herself, he turned to his companion:

"Here, Rosny, if you ache to be grubbing over your papers do not let us delay you."

"I am in no haste, sire," his gentleman answered, unmoving.

"Which is to say, you dare not leave me alone," the king laughed out. "Tell you, St. Quentin, if I am not dragooned into a staid, discreet, steady-paced monarch 'twill be no lapse of Whip-King Rosny's. I am listening, mademoiselle."

She began at once, eager and unfaltering. All her confusion was gone. It had been well-night impossible to tell the story to the St. Quentin, impossible to tell it to this impassive M. de Rosny. But to the King of France and Navarre it was as easy to talk as to Mlle. de Mayflelow.

"Sire, I am Lorance de Montluc, Mya grandfather was the Marshal Montluc."

"Were to-day next Monday, I could pray, 'God rest his soul,'" the king rejoined. "But even a heretic may say that he was a gallant general, an honest Frenchman. He married a sister of Francois de Balafre? And mademoiselle is orphaned now, and my friend Mayenne's warden?"

"Yes, sire. I came here, sire, to tell M. de St. Quentin concerning his son. And though I am talking of myself, it is all the same story. Three years ago, after the king died, M. de Mayenne was endeavoring with all his might to bring the Duke of St. Quentin into the League. He offered me to him for his son, M. de Mar."

(Continued on page 6).

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

"If Mayenne do that, by the Throne of Heaven, I'll kill him!"

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CURBING DISEASE AND AFTER.

Death-Rate Has Fallen Faster Than Birth-Rate.

If we continue to curb the diseases which used to ravage mankind, what will be the effect upon population and the means of subsistence? This is the problem discussed in the Century by E. A. Ross, professor of economics, University of Wisconsin.

Each of the great scourges is under attack by science. Mark the tide of battle on various fronts, writes Prof. Ross. Thanks to anti-typhoid inoculation on the western front there was less typhoid among the British army of one and a quarter million troops than among the 208,000 British troops in the Boer war. Typhoid in 1900 stood eighth in the list of killers in England. Deaths with a total of 31.5 per 100,000 population, but in 1924 it ranked nineteenth with only 6.7 deaths per 100,000, and it seems safe to predict that we are about done with typhoid. In the United States deaths from diphtheria fell from 43.2 per 100,000 to 7.8 in 1925. It is believed that the early inoculation of infants will annihilate this scourge of childhood.

Although no successful serum has been found for tuberculosis, investigation has greatly decreased the death-rate. Since Sir Ronald Ross discovered the rate of the mosquito in disseminating malaria the disease has been cut to a fourth. Asiatic cholera has been confined to Europe. Since Nicolle discovered that the germ of typhus is carried by vermin there is no reason why typhus should ever become epidemic except in time of peace. Yellow fever has been driven from Cuba, the Canal Zone, the Western Hemisphere, and is now being attacked from the only sudden one in the world. It has taken me five months to turn my coat, but here is mademoiselle turns hers in a day."

He had glanced over his shoulder to point this out to M. de Rosny, but now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking terrified again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful grave; but as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile always. Will you tell me what is the trouble, my child?"

"Gladly, sire," she answered, and dropped down a respectful knee before him to kiss his hand.

I marvelled that Mayenne and all his armies had been able to keep this man out to St. Quentin, that now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking terrified again. Mayenne's power grew stronger every day, why? every hour brought him new allies from the ranks of the League. You had only to see him to adore him. Once get him into Paris, the struggle would be over. They would put up with no other for king.

"Sire," mademoiselle said with hesitancy, "I shall tire you with my story."

"I am greatly in dread of it," the king answered, ceremoniously placing her in a chair before seating himself to listen. Then, to give her a moment, I think, to collect herself, he turned to his companion:

"Here, Rosny, if you ache to be grubbing over your papers do not let us delay you."

"I am in no haste, sire," his gentleman answered, unmoving.

"Which is to say, you dare not leave me alone," the king laughed out. "Tell you, St. Quentin, if I am not dragooned into a staid, discreet, steady-paced monarch 'twill be no lapse of Whip-King Rosny's. I am listening, mademoiselle."

She began at once, eager and unfaltering. All her confusion was gone. It had been well-night impossible to tell the story to the St. Quentin, impossible to tell it to this impassive M. de Rosny. But to the King of France and Navarre it was as easy to talk as to Mlle. de Mayflelow.

"Sire, I am Lorance de Montluc, Mya grandfather was the Marshal Montluc."

"Were to-day next Monday, I could pray, 'God rest his soul,'" the king rejoined. "But even a heretic may say that he was a gallant general, an honest Frenchman. He married a sister of Francois de Balafre? And mademoiselle is orphaned now, and my friend Mayenne's warden?"

"Yes, sire. I came here, sire, to tell M. de St. Quentin concerning his son. And though I am talking of myself, it is all the same story. Three years ago, after the king died, M. de Mayenne was endeavoring with all his might to bring the Duke of St. Quentin into the League. He offered me to him for his son, M. de Mar."

(Continued on page 6).

WARNING!
Beware of Counterfeits
There is only one genuine "ASPIRIN" tablet. If a tablet is offered as "ASPIRIN" and, is not stamped with the "Bayer Cross"—refuse it with contempt—it is not "ASPIRIN" at all! Don't take chances!

An Irish Question.

Pat was once buying a clock, and the clockmaker showed him one, saying, "Here is an eight-day clock which I think would suit you."

"What is an eight-day clock?" questioned Pat. "An eight-day clock is one which goes eight days without winding," explained the shopkeeper.

"Begorra," exclaimed Pat, "if it goes eight days without winding, how long will it go if you do wind it?"

The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page 5).

"And you are still Mlle. de Montluc?"

She turned to monsieur with the prettiest smile in the world.

"M. de St. Quentin, though he has not fought for you, sire, has ever been whole-hearted loyal."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" the king exclaimed. "He is either an incredible loyalist or an incredible ass!"

Even the grave Rosny smiled, and the victim laughed as he defended himself.

"That my loyalty may be credible, sire, I make haste to say that I had never seen mademoiselle till this hour."

"I know not whether to think better or worse of you for that, or worse," the king retorted. "Had I been in your place, beshrew me but I should have seen her."

Monsieur smiled and was silent, with anxious eyes on mademoiselle.

"M. de St. Quentin withdrew to Picardie, sire, but M. de Mar stayed in Paris, and my cousin Mayenne never gave up entirely the notion of the marriage. He is very tenacious of plans."

"Aye," said the king, with a grimace, "Well I know."

"He blew hot and cold with M. de Mar. He favored the marriage Sunday and scouted it on Wednesday and discussed it again on Friday."

"And what were M. de Mar's opinions?"

She met his probing gaze blushing but candid.

"M. de Mar, sire, favored it every day in the week."

"I'll swear he did!" the king cried.

"When M. le Duc came back to Paris," mademoiselle went on, "and it was known he had espoused your cause, sire, Mayenne was so loath to lose the valuable house of M. de Quentin to you that he offered to marry me out of hand to M. de Mar. And he refused."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" Henry cried. "We will marry you to a king's son. On my honor, mademoiselle"——

"Sire," she pleaded, "you promised to hear me."

"That I will, then. But I warn you I am out of patience with these St. Quentins."

"Then you are out of patience with devotion to your cause, sire."

"What! you speak for the recreants?"

"I assure you, sire, you have no more loyal servant than M. de Mar."

"Strange I cannot recollect the face of my so loyal servant," the king said drily.

But she, with a fine scorn of argument, made the audacious answer:

"When you see it you will like it, sire."

"Not half so well as I like yours, mademoiselle, I promise you! But he cannot be so well commended unless you vouch for him. Or, rather, he does not come. What is this ardent follower doing so long away from me? Where the devil does this eager partisan keep himself? At Quentin, where is your son?"

"He had been with you long ago, sire, but for the bright eyes of a lady of the League. And now she comes to tell me—my page tells me—he is in the Bastille."

"Ventre-saint-gris! And how has that calamity befallen?"

She hesitated a moment embarrassed by her very wealth of matter, confused between her longing to tell the whole case before the king and her fear of wearying his patience. But his glance told her only to speak on, unmisgiving. Had she come to present him Paris he could not have been more interested.

In the little silence monsieur found his moment and his words.

"Sire, may I interrupt mademoiselle? Last night, for the first time in a month, I say my son. He was just returned from an adventure under her window. Mayenne's guard had set on him, and he was escaped by the skin of his teeth. He declared to me that never till he was slain should he cease endeavor to win Mlle. de Montluc. And I? Marry, I ate my words in humblest fashion after three years. I made my surrender. Since you are his one desire, mademoiselle, they are you my one desire. I bade him God-speed."

She gave her hand to monsieur, sudden tears welling over her lashes.

"Monsieur, I thought to-night I had no friends. And I have so many!"

"Mademoiselle," the king cried in the same breath, "fear not. I will get you your lover if I sell France for him."

She brushed the tears away and smiled on him.

"I have no fear, sire. With you and M. de St. Quentin to save him I can have no fear. But he is in desperate case. Has M. de St. Quentin told you of his secretary Lucas, my cousin Paul de Lorraine?"

"Aye," said the king, "it is a dolorous topic—very painful! Eh, Rosny?" he said. "I do not shrink from my pains, sire," M. de Rosny answered quietly. "I hold myself much to blame in this matter. I thought I knew the Lucases root and branch—I did not discover that a daughter of the house had ever been a friend to Henri de Guise."

"And how should you discover it?" the king demanded. He had made the attack; now, since Rosny would not resent it he rushed himself to the defence. "How were you to dream of it? Henry de Guise's sister was the last place to look for a girl of the Religion. But I forgive him. If he stole a Rochelaise we have avenged it deep; we have stolen the flower of Lorraine."

"Paul Lucas—Paul de Lorraine," she went on eagerly, "was put into M. le Duc's house to kill him. He went all the more willingly that he believed M. de Mar to be my favored suitor. He tried to draw M. de Mar into the scheme, to ruin him. He failed. And the whole plot came to naught."

"I have learned that," the king said. "I have been told how a country boy stripped his mask off."

He glanced around suddenly at me where I stood red and abashed. He was so quick that he grasped everything at half a word. Instantly he had turned to the lady again. "Pray continue, dear mademoiselle."

"Afterward—that is, yesterday—Paul went to M. de Belin and swore against M. de Mar that he had murdered a lackey in his house in the Rue Coupejarrets. The lackey was hurt. If he torture Mar you will torture me."

"Mademoiselle," the king cried, "rather shall he torture every plebeian in France than I touch a hair of your head!"

"Sire"——the word died away in a sigh; like a snapped rose she fell at his feet.

The king was quick, but monsieur quicker. On his knees beside her, shoulder like a rippling flag, her lashes clung to her cheeks as they would never lift more.

"St. Quentin," His Majesty was saying. "I would have married her as a prince. But since she wants your son she shall have him, ventre-saint-gris, if I storm Paris to-morrow!" And as monsieur was carrying her from the room the king bent over and kissed her.

"Mademoiselle has dropped a packet from her dress," M. de Rosny said. "Will you take it, St. Quentin?"

The king, who was nearest, turned to pass it to him; at the sight of it he uttered his dear "ventre-saint-gris!" It was a flat, oblong packet, tied about with common twine, the seal cut out. The king twitched the string off, and with one rapid glance at the papers put them into monsieur's hand.

"Take them, St. Quentin; they are yours."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mademoiselle being given into Dame Verney's motherly hands, Gilles and I were ordered to repose ourselves on the skins in the saddler's shop. Lying there in the maledorous gloom I could see the crack of light under the door at the back and hear, between Gilles's snores, the murmur of voices. The king and his gentlemen were planning to save my master; I went to sleep in perfect peace.

At daybreak, even before the saddler opened the shop, monsieur roused us out.

"I'm off for Paris, lads. Felix comes with me. Gilles stays to guard mademoiselle."

I felt not a little injured, deeming that I, whom mademoiselle knew best, should be the one ehosen to stay by her. But the sting passed quickly. After all Paris was likely to be more exciting than St. Denis.

The day being Friday, we delayed not to eat, but straightway mounted the two nags that a sunburnt Bearn pikeman had brought to the door. As we walked them gently across the square, which at this rath hour we alone shared with the twittering birds, we saw coming down one of the empty streets the hurrying figure of M. de Rosny. My lord drew rein at once.

"You are no slugabed, St. Quentin," the young councillor called. "I deserved to miss you. Fear not! I come not to hinder you, but to wish you God-speed."

"Now, this is kind, Rosny," monsieur answered, grasping his hand. "The more that you don't approve me."

Rosny smiled, like a sudden burst of sunshine in a December day. Another man's embrace would have meant less.

"I approve you so much, St. Quentin, that I cannot composedly see you putting your head into the lion's jaws."

"My head is used to the pillow. Do the teeth close I am no worse off than my son."

"Your death makes your son's no easier."

"Why, what else to do, Rosny?" monsieur exclaimed. "Mishandle the lady? Storm Paris? Sell the Cause?"

"I would we could storm Paris," Rosny sighed. "It would suit me better to seize the prisoner than to sue for him. But Paris is not ripe for us yet. You know my plan—to send to Villeroi. I believe he could manage the thing."

"I am second to none," monsieur said politely, "in my admiration of M. de Villeroi's abilities. But to reach him is uncertain; what he can or will do, uncertain. Etienne de Mar is not Villeroi's son; he is mine."

"Aye, it is your business," Rosny assented. "It is yours to take your way."

"A mad way, but mine. But come, now, Rosny, you must admit that once or twice, when all your wiseacres were deadlocked, my madness has served."

Rosny took monsieur's hand in a silent grip.

"I would have married her to a prince!" His Majesty was saying.

Monsieur raised his eyebrows at him, pained by the unsuavity.

"Of course not, monsieur. I quite understood that when I entered the gate. I shall never leave this house if you will otherwise."

"You will leave the house unharmed," Mayenne said curtly. "I shall not treat you as your late master treated my brother."

"I thank your generosity, monsieur, and commend your good sense."

Mayenne looked for a moment as if he repented of both. Then he broke into a laugh.

"One permits the insolences of the court jester."

Monsieur sprang up, his hand on his sword, but it was the quick flush passed from his face, and he, too, laughed.

Mayenne sat as he was, in somewhat lounging silence. My duke made a step nearer him, and spoke for the first time with perfect seriousness.

"My Lord Mayenne, it was no coincidence brought me here this morning. There is the Bastille. There is the axe. I know that my course has been offensive to you—your nephew proved it to me. Now also that you do not care to meddle with me openly. At least, you have not meddled. Whether you will change your method—I venture to believe not. I am popular just now in Paris. I had more cheers as I came in this morning than I have had in years for many a month. You have a great name for prudence, M. de Mayenne; I believe you will not molest me."

"I hardly thought my duke was making a great name for prudence. But, then, as he said, he had to work in his own way. Mayenne returned, with chilling suavity.

"You may find me, St. Quentin, less timid than you suppose."

"Impossible. Mayenne's courage is unquestioned. I rely not on his timidity, but on his judgment."

"You take a great deal upon yourself in supposing that I wanted your head on Tuesday and do not want it on Friday."

"The king is three days nearer the true faith than on Tuesday. His party is three days stronger. On Tuesday it would have been a blunder to kill me; on Friday it is three days worse a blunder."

"But not less a pleasure. I have had something of the kind in mind ever since your master killed my brother."

"You should profit by that murderer's experience before you take a leaf from his book, M. de Mayenne. Henry of Guise was singularly unlucky when he slew Guise to make you head of the League."

Mayenne started, and then laughed. He was not used to flattery. But I think he was, all the same, half pleased, none the less because he knew it to be flattery. He said unexpectedly:

"Your son comes honestly by his unbound tongue."

"Ah, my son! Now that you mention him, we shall discuss him a little. You have put my son, monsieur, in the Bastille."

"No; Belin and my nephew Paul, whom you slew, have put him there."

"But M. de Mayenne can get him out if he choose."

"If he choose."

Monsieur sat down again, with the air of one preparing for an amiable discussion.

"He is charged with the murder of one Lucas, a lackey. Of course he did not commit it, nor would you care if he had. His real offence is making love to my ward."

"Well, do you deny it?"

"Not the love, but the offence of it. Palpably you might do much worse than dispose of the lady to my heir."

"I might do much better than bestow my time on you if that is all you have to say."

"We have hardly opened the subject, M. de Mayenne"——

"I have no wish to carry it further."

"Monsieur, the king's ranks afford no better match than my heir."

"No maid of mine shall ever marry Royalist."

"I swore no son of mine should ever marry a League, but I have come to see the error of my ways. I am willing to retract, Mayenne. It is for you to choose where among the king's forces you will marry mademoiselle."

Strange uneasiness, a fear which he would not own a fear, crept into Mayenne's eyes. He studied the face before him, a face of gay challenge, and said at length, not quite confidently himself:

"You speak with a confidence, St. Quentin."

"Why, to be sure."

Mayenne jumped heavily to his feet.

"What mean you?"

"I mean that mademoiselle's marrying is in my hands. Where is your ward, M. de Mayenne?"

"Mordieu! Have you found her?"

"You speak sooth."

"In your hotel"——

"No, eager kinsman. In a place whither you cannot follow her."

Mayenne look about, as if with some instinctive idea of seeking a weapon, of summoning his soldiers.

"By God's throne, you shall tell me where!"

"With pleasure. She is at St. Denis."

Mayenne smiled helplessly, as number under a blow.

"St. Denis! But how"——

"How came she there? On foot, every step. I suppose she never walked two streets in her life before, has she, M. de Mayenne? But she tramped to St. Denis through the dark to knock at my door at 1 in the morning."

Mayenne seized monsieur's wrist.

"She is safe, St. Quentin? She is safe?"

"As safe, monsieur, as the king's protection can make her."

"Pardieu! Is she with the king?"

"She is in my lodgings, in the care of the saddler's wife who lets them. I left a stanch man in charge—I have no doubt of him."

"You account for her safety?" Mayenne cried huskily, his breath coming short. He was flushed, the veins in his forehead corded.

"When she came last night it happened that the king was there," monsieur went on. "Her loveliness and her misery moved him to the heart."

"Ventre-saint-gris! a thunder of hearts! You, with your son, shall be hostages for her safe return."

"The king," monsieur went on, as immovably as Mayenne himself at his best, "with that warm heart of his pitying beauty in distress, is eager for mademoiselle's marriage with her lover Mar. But he did not favor my venture here; he called it a silly business. He said you would clap me in jail, and he told me that I might put my life out there before he would give up to you Mlle. de Montluc."

"Well, then, pardieu, we'll try if he means it!"

"He gave me to understand that he meant it. The St. Quentins out of the way, there is Valere, stout Kingsman, to succeed. The king loses little."

"Then, are you gone mad that you put yourself in my grasp?"

"Not at all, monsieur. I come, my friend, to make you listen to sanity."

I had waited from moment to moment for the summons for his soldiers. But he had not rung, and now he flung himself down again in his armchair.

"Well, your understanding is sanity?"

"If you send me to join my son, monsieur, you leave mademoiselle without a protector, friendless, penniless, in the midst of a hostile army cursing the name of Mayenne. Have you reared her delicately, tenderly, for that?"

Mayenne sat silent, his face a mask. It was impossible to tell whether the shot had hit. Monsieur went on:

"You can, of course, hold us in durance, torture us, kill us; but you must answer for it to the people of Paris."

Still was Mayenne silent, drumming on the edge of the table. Finally he said roughly, as if the words were dragged from him against his will:

"I shall not torture you. I never meant to torture Mar. The axe was no work. Since it was done, I meant to profit by it to keep him awhile out of my way—only that. I threatened my cousin otherwise in heat of passion. But I shall not torture him. I shall not kill him."

"Monsieur"——

"I put a card in your hand," Mayenne said curtly. His pride ill brooked to concede the point, but he could not have it supposed that he did not see what he was doing. "I give you a card. Do what you can with it."

"Monsieur, you show what little surprises me—a knightly generosity. It is to that generosity I appeal."

"Is the horse of that color? But now you were frightening my prudence."

"Ah, but how fortunate the man to whom generosity and prudence point the same path!"

It may have been but pretense, this smiling bonhomie of monsieur's. Mayenne doubtless gauged it as such, but, at any rate, he suffered it to warm him. He regained of a sudden all the amiability with which he had greeted his guest. Smiling and calm he answered:

"St. Quentin, I care little for either your threats or your cajoleries. They amuse me alike, and move me not. But I have a care for my sweet cousin. Since you threaten me with her danger you have the whiphand."

Now it was monsieur's turn to sit discreetly silent, waiting.

"I went last night to tell the child I would not harm her lover. Lo! she had left me. I had a warning Paris for her. I was in the streets myself till dawn."

"Monsieur, she made her way to us at St. Denis herself to our torture did you torture Mar."

"Morbleu!" Mayenne cried, half rising.

"God's mercy, we're not ruffians out there! I tell it to show you to what the maid was strung."

"I opened the great matter whom one married," Mayenne said slowly; "one boy is much like another. But I would have mated her as befitted her station—I thought she would be happy enough. And she was good about it; I did not see how close I was cared. She was docile till I drove her too hard. She's a loving child. You are fortunate in your daughter, St. Quentin."

Monsieur sprang up radiant, advancing on him open-armed. Mayenne added, with his cool smile:

"You should not flatter yourself, monsieur, that it is your doing. I laugh at your threats. Twere sport to me to clap you behind bars, to see in your king, to the mob you brag of. 'Come, now, get him out.'"

"Then," cried monsieur, "I must value my sweet daughter more than ever."

He was standing over Mayenne with outstretched hand, but the chief delayed taking it.

"Not so fast, my friend. If I yield up the Duc de St. Quentin, the Comte de Mar, and Mlle. Lorraine de Rochelaise, I demand certain little concessions for myself."

"By all means, monsieur. You stamp us churls else."

My master, in his smile a shade uneasy. Which Mayenne perceived with quiet enjoyment, as he went on blandly: "Nothing that could ask of you, M. de St. Quentin, could equal, could halve, what I give. Still, that the knightliness may not be, in the mystification, all on one side, I have thought of something for you to grant."

Name it, monsieur."

"Another point in your favor I had forgot," Mayenne observed, with his usual reluctance to show his cards even when he had come to spread them. "Last night I laid on this table a packet, just arrived, which I was told belonged to you. When I had time to think of it again it had vanished. I accused my lackeys, but later it occurred to me that Mlle. de Montluc, arming for battle, had purloined it."

"Your shrewdness does you credit."

"You see, you have scored a fourth point, though again by no prowess of your own. Therefore am I emboldened to demand what I want."

"Even to half my fortune."

"No, not your gear. Save that for your Bearnais's itching palm."

"Then, what the devil is it you want? You will not get my name in the League."

"I am glad my nephew Paul bungled that affair of his," Mayenne went on at his own pace. "It might have been a blunder to kill you; it had certainly been a pity. Though we Lorraines have two murders to avenge I have changed my mind about beginning with yours."

"You are wise, monsieur. I am, after all, a harmless creature."

Mayenne laughed.

"Natheless have you done your best here in Paris to undermine me. Did I let you carry on your little works unhindered they might in time annoy me. Therefore I request that so long as I stay in Paris you stay out."

"Oh, I don't like that!"

The naivete amazed while it amused Mayenne.

"Possibly not, but you will consent to it. You will ride out of my court, when we have finished some necessary signing of papers, straight to the St. Denis gate. And you will pledge me your honor to make no attempt hereafter to enter so long as the city is mine."

Mayenne was smiling broadly, monsieur frowning. He relished the condition little. He was enjoying himself much in Paris, his dangers, his successes, his biting his thumb at the power of the League. To be lulled in his post was nothing, but to be bundled away from it to inglorious safety, that stuck in his gorge. For a moment he actually hesitated. Then he began to laugh at his own hesitation.

"Well, ma foi! what do I expect? To walk, a rabbit, into the lion's den and make my own terms to Leo? I am happy to accept yours, M. de Mayenne, especially since, do I refuse, you will none the less pack me off."

"You mistake, St. Quentin. You are welcome to spend the rest of your days with me."

"In the Bastille?"

To be Continued.

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A Secret Marriage

It Was Between a Prince and a Girl In Wooden Shoes.

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I see in this proposal, your majesty," said the prime minister, Van der Donken, to King Hubert, "a scheme to unite our kingdom of Lituria to that of Pomaria. Your majesty is well aware that the area of Pomaria is three times that of Lituria. If the Princess Catherine marries your son it will result in the annexation of your dominions to those of your hereditary enemies."

"That shall never be," said King Hubert, grinding his teeth.

"Unfortunately, the prince has met the princess, and she has captivated him."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Inordinately ambitious. She is described by those of her suit as being avaricious, selfish and cruel."

"What can we do to turn the prince from her? I fear that to attack her will only enlist him in her defense."

"Your majesty is right. We must accomplish our ends by diplomacy. The princess has your son in thrall. To win him from her we must invelegle her into a trap, and once she has entered it we must exercise all our ingenuity to prevent her getting out."

"Have you a plan?"

"I have. It is this: Let us give out that your majesty has been attacked by a disease that must prove fatal within a few months; that you desire the prince, who will inherit the throne after you, to marry at once on pain of your naming his cousin, Oscar, to succeed you in his stead. Catherine will not marry him without his inheritance. But she will not hesitate to permit him to sacrifice it for revenge upon your majesty for not consenting to the match. I shall endeavor to make some compromise with her by which we may rescue the prince from her."

Van der Donken was a marvel of astuteness, being regarded as equal in chicanery even to a woman. The king gave him carte blanche to do as he liked, and he set out at once for the capital of Pomaria, where he found Prince Carl in dalliance with the Princess Catherine. The minister announced to the young man that his father had not long to live, that a proposal had been made by King Otto of the neighboring kingdom of Brentino that the two kingdoms should be united by the marriage of Carl and King Otto's daughter, Xenia, and that the marriage should be celebrated at once. If the prince refused the crown should pass at his father's death to his cousin.

This interview between Van der Donken and Carl took place in the presence of Catherine. The prince looked at her for instructions as to his reply. She replied for him by stating that he was betrothed to her and would marry her. If any usurper took her place at his father's death the king of Pomaria would send an armed force to Lituria to seat its rightful sovereign on the throne.

Now, the kingdom of Brentino was even more powerful than that of Pomaria. The hand of the Princess Xenia had indeed been offered to Carl, and doubtless if Carl had seen her he would have obeyed his father. On receiving a refusal to King Hubert's plans the wily Van der Donken proposed to Carl and Catherine a compromise. He suggested that Carl marry some girl of low degree. His father, to withdraw him from such a union, would consent to a divorce and his marriage with Catherine. Again the prince looked at the princess for instructions. She agreed to take the matter under consideration and after long reflection consented to the plan, making it a condition that she should approve of the girl the prince married. Van der Donken agreed to this, though he well knew that Catherine would not consent to the prince marrying any girl who was capable of drawing him away from her.

The prince returned to Lituria with Van der Donken. It having been arranged that the princess should follow to inspect the girl he would marry as soon as one could be found to do so on receiving a price and giving her consent to a subsequent divorce. In due time the princess was called for and introduced into the home of a poor widow whose daughter had consented to the terms.

Anneke was the name of the bride, a little Dutch girl in a number of petticoats and wooden shoes. Her complexion was brown, her face covered with pimples and her hair a fiery red. Her appearance was that of a half witted person. As soon as Catherine saw her she gave her consent to the marriage, which took place in her presence and that of Van der Donken and Anneke's mother. Then Carl went back to Pomaria with Catherine.

Meanwhile King Hubert had kept himself in seclusion, but as soon as his minister announced to him that his son had been married he appeared again in public apparently as well as ever. Catherine, hearing of his recovery, was quite taken aback, fearing that she had been tricked. But, remembering the wedding with the homely Dutch girl, she took heart.

Then came Van der Donken to the prince with an order from his father to appear at court and prepare to act on a visit to the Princess Xenia, with whom a marriage for him had been contracted. The prince and Catherine after consultation agreed that the time had come for making known to his father his marriage and refusing to be divorced unless he were permitted to marry Catherine and inherit the crown as well. But Van der Donken said that King Hubert's mind was set on the Princess Xenia, and he believed that if she could be persuaded to decide Prince Carl the matter would be simplified. He suggested that Carl pay the visit to Xenia, but so made up that he would appear unattractive to her and he could treat her so indifferently or even rudely that she would refuse to marry him.

The minister finally persuaded Catherine to agree to this, and the prince went back to Lituria with Van der Donken. Then, having made his preparations for the journey, taking with him only two friends who were in his secret, he set out for the capital of Brentino. On the way he darkened his complexion. One of his friends, an artist, painted little pimples all over his face, and the prince put on a red wig. He had been much repelled by these features on the part of Anneke and thought they might repel the Princess Xenia.

When the formal introduction took place the princess raised her fan to her face—what for no one knew, but Prince Carl presumed that it was to conceal her disgust for him. But it seemed rather to conceal a smile, for she offered her hand to him most cordially. He bowed and kissed it, then looked up at a very beautiful girl There was that in her appearance to remind him of some one he had seen before, but he could not place the per son. He tried to say something disagreeable, but the words stuck in his throat. The princess slipped her hand on his arm and drew him away from the others into an apartment where they would be alone together.

From the moment the prince saw the Princess Xenia he was attracted to her, and it was not long before he regretted having disobeyed his father in refusing to marry her. The saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" did not pertain to him. The Princess Catherine being out of sight was out of mind. Nevertheless he had been so long dominated by her superior will that the idea of being unfaithful to her filled him with terror. At the same time the influence of the woman present became steadily stronger. The Princess Xenia did everything needful to concentrate his mind upon herself She gave fetes in her honor, and in each her costume was designed to enhance her beauty.

Prince Carl had promised Catherine that every day he would send her a message telling her how he was getting on in repelling the Princess Xenia. The day after his arrival at Brentino he wrote that he was acting as brutally as possible. But those about him noticed that his pimples had suddenly been healed. The second day he wrote that he had offended the princess. But while dressing in the morning he washed off his dark complexion. The third day he wrote that he was very near being sent away. This he really believed to be true, for when sitting by Xenia she pulled off his wig and appeared to be very much displeased with him for coming to court disguised.

On the fourth day Carl wrote Catherine that something especial had happened; he would write her a full account of it soon. This is what he referred to:

When he joined the Princess Xenia he found in her stead his wife, Anneke She threw her arms around his neck, but he repelled her. Then she pulled off his red wig and, turning to a fountain, washed her face. Turning to him, he recognized the Princess Xenia.

"What does all this mean?" he asked.

"It means that your father, King Hubert, having received from my father an offer of my hand for you, informed us that so far as he was concerned the offer was accepted, but unfortunately you had fallen under the spell of another woman. If, however, I would agree to a plan to defeat this other woman devised by his prime minister he hoped all would be well. I assented and was married to you as a homely simpleton."

The princess kicked off her wooden shoes and displayed a pair of tiny feet incased in kid shoes. She unfastened her petticoats and appeared in a morning gown of silk and lace. Next her bodice came off and showed a corsage to match her other apparel. Then the prince folded her in his arms.

The prince at once sent for Van der Donken, who came posthaste and was informed that Prince Carl and Princess Xenia, having been married secretly, desired that preparations for their public wedding should be made with as little delay as possible. The prince never wrote Catherine what had happened, having forgotten all about her. Van der Donken returned to King Hubert, and the king was so pleased with his management of the problem that he at once created him a duke.

An announcement made that the kingdoms of Lituria and Brentino would be united by the marriage of Prince Carl and the Princess Xenia filled the people of both kingdoms with delight. A few weeks later a public marriage took place at the capital of Brentino, at which there was great rejoicing for many years. Queen Xenia preserved the red wig and wooden shoes in which she had been privately married to King Carl, and after her death they were removed to the royal museum.

As for the Princess Catherine, she was so cut up by being tricked that she never married, and after her father's death the crown of Pomaria passed to another branch of the royal family.

Railways and Wood.

"Forest protection to-day is as much a part of railway policy as the work of operating trains. Twelve million dollars are expended for forest products during 1926. Lumber and other forest products, it is estimated, furnish about 20 per cent. of the total railway freight tonnage —12,726,168 tons of wood in its many forms requiring something like 317,500 cars, or 6,350 trainloads of 50 cars each, to handle," writes Mr. W. H. Kilby, chief of forest protection, Canadian National Railways, in Toronto Saturday Night.

There are a few facts regarding one railway only. When we stop to consider the number of people employed to handle this 317,500 carloads of wood, when we think of the Canadians who are engaged in its manufacture, some idea of the magnitude of our forest industry may be gleaned.

Are Eluding Capture.

Burma's Robin Hood, Nga Sanpe, and his gang of six skillful dacoits, are eluding capture despite every effort of the police, and a large reward offered for them dead or alive. Nga Sanpe was originally a Government servant, but was imprisoned for stealing a gun. The man who informed against him decamped with his wife. Nga Sanpe swore vengeance, but when he was released he was again arrested. While handcuffed he snatched a bayonet from a police officer, stabbed him, and escaped. Since then he has been the terror of the Thazi district.

Need Extra Vessels.

Record crops of lemons are expected from Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa this coming season. Estimates so far available indicate that the two countries are likely to export not far short of 900,000 cases. Considerable space in the boats regularly employed in the South African trade can accommodate no more than 700,000 cases, extra vessels will be needed during the season.

A Powerful Telescope.

Prof. Rossifer, of Michigan University, referred to the plan for a telescope which is to be erected on Naval Hill, near Bloemfontein, South Africa, says it will be possible to discern an object an inch high nineteen miles away, and it will be possible to see in the moon objects the size of a cathedral.

Be Sure You're Right.

"Never regret a mistake or waste time thinking about how sorry you are you made one. Make a decision, then act. If you are wrong, admit your mistake or error; then go ahead and do the right thing as you see it. Never bluff or try to cover up your mistakes. Mistakes profit you if you profit by them."—Chas. M. Schwab.

Not Proven.

Not proven is a verdict allowed in criminal cases in Scotland when the evidence is insufficient for a conviction, but strong enough to give probability to the charge. The prisoner cannot be tried again for the offense, but a moral stigma, however, remains on him for life.

Who Kissed Him?

A Story of the Breaking Out of the Great European War.

By JOHN V. LARNED

Edward Brewerton was considered the handsomest man in his class at college. His was not that class of beauty that is purely physical; he was an intellectual fellow, a man of character, and this was stamped upon his features. Moreover, though there were girls who were stupid enough to tell him that he was an Apollo, instead of making him conscious of his beauty, it disgusted him.

On leaving college Ned concluded to see something of the world before settling down to work. He sailed with the American multitude in June for Genoa, from there proceeded to the Italian lakes and thence on into Switzerland through the St. Gothard tunnel. In the train leaving Lugano and in the same compartment with him were half a dozen American girls traveling under the care of a middle aged lady. The girls were evidently having the time of their lives. Their duenna was giving them instructions by the way, pointing out this and that object of interest, a peak, a cascade, the track of an avalanche, anything that they should notice.

Ned had met no Americans in his journey thus far—at least had made no acquaintances among them—and was at once seized with a desire to know these young ladies. One does not realize how precious one's fellow countrymen are till he meets them in a foreign land. Not only were these ladies fellow countrywomen of Ned, but they were all pretty, some of them very pretty, and there was one of them that had a pair of the most kissable lips he had ever seen.

The young man, though desirous of forming the acquaintance of this party, and especially the one with the kissable lips, sat with them for some time without meeting any excuse for doing so. One of them dropped a guidebook, but before Ned could pick it up the girl recovered it herself. Though he watched for an opportunity, none came. At last an idea came to him.

It occurred to Brewerton to put this party of their guard by pretending to be a foreigner and ignorant of the English language. He spoke German indifferently and French tolerably. When the guard took up the tickets Ned asked him some questions in German. This was sufficient to indicate his nationality. Later when the duenna asked him in English how many minutes were required for the train to pass through the tunnel he replied in German that he did not understand her.

This loosened the tongues of the girls.

"Lili," said one to another, "you've lost your bet that he is Italian."

"And you've lost yours that he is English."

"I knew he was German. He is my ideal of the principal character in Wagner's opera of 'Lohengrin,'" said another.

These remarks were made in a low tone, with continuous glances at Ned, who was apparently intent on the splendid scenery through which the train was moving. He did not hear all that was said, but he heard enough to tell him that he was an object of interest to his fellow travelers. Indeed, he received more attention than the peaks and the waterfalls along the route.

The kissable young lady in the party was, judging from a mischievous smile that hovered about her pretty lips, the arch mischief maker of the lot. They called her Jack, all except the duenna, who addressed her as Jaquelin. To her not even the most magnificent peak lifting its head far above the clouds was a matter of serious consideration. A look of red was all she spoke of it as the "red headed one." She made several comical remarks about Ned which he heard plainly and caused her companions to laugh.

There is a station near the southern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel, where all trains stop before plunging into the mountain, and many of the passengers alight to stretch their legs. Ned got out and walked back and forth beside the train. When he passed the compartment occupied by the girls two of them were at the window. They looked at him, their eyes dancing with mischief.

"I should not be surprised," he said to himself, "if, before this journey is over, those imps will play some game on me."

When the train was about to start he re-entered the compartment, and the few hundred yards separating the station and the mountain were soon passed. Just before leaving daylight he glanced up at the roof of the car and observed that the light had been covered by a cloth, and at the same time a lamp was lighted to lighten the tunnel. Then the train entered the tunnel there was not a ray of light in the compartment.

It required just a minute for the train to pass through the St. Gothard tunnel. Not a word was spoken during the passage. Some five or six minutes had elapsed when suddenly Ned felt a pair of lips pressed against his. That they were feminine was evident from the fact that, besides himself, there were only women in the compartment. Ned made a grab, but his hand slipped over a fabric of woman's apparel.

One of the girls had kissed him. Whoever she was she must have made a careful observation as to the exact position for she could not see him. She first struck his cheek, but instantly passed to his lips. The whole contact occupied only one or two seconds.

Nine or ten minutes of darkness remained, during which the perpetrator of this bit of mischief might compose herself. Doubtless all the girls were conspirators and would bear themselves in such manner as to protect the guilty one. Probably the kissing had been done on a bet. Ned's opinion was that Jack had been the perpetrator, but he could not be sure.

The matter must have been well arranged during the stop before the train entered the tunnel, for when it emerged there was not the slightest indication on the face of any of the girls that anything unusual had occurred. Ned scanned the features of each without observing any betrayal. As for Jack, she began at once as soon as there was light to read a guidebook. The only person in the party who did not seem to have a secret was the duenna, and Ned made up his mind that the mischief had been hatched without her knowledge.

The ride to Lucerne was not long. Though Ned kept his ears open for information, not a word was spoken that would give him even an inkling as to which one of the girls had kissed him. He watched to see if the party were going to a hotel, intending to go to the same hostelry. But they went to a pension, and he lost track of them.

One day while Ned was in Munich a clap of thunder came from a clear sky in a declaration of war by Austria against Servia. It was followed by another from Russia, another from Germany, from France, England and the rest.

Ned, who was intending to return to America by way of England, had drawn the balance on his letter of credit, consisting of some $600. It was evident to him that he had better get out of Europe as quickly as possible. But by what route? To make his way through France seemed next to impossible. Italy was a neutral country, and the distance compared with any other route was short. He would go to Italy.

But the only mode of conveyance was legs. This did not trouble him. Indeed, he had been making pedestrian tours among the Alps. Putting what clothes he could carry in a pack on his back, he sallied forth to walk some thing like a hundred and fifty miles. Unfortunately he must pass through a portion of Austria. As soon as he struck the border he found everything in confusion. He was obliged to show his passport continually, and, as for getting a conveyance for any part of his journey, that was out of the question.

One morning while he was trudging along within ten or twelve miles of the Italian border he saw an Austrian officer with several soldiers stop an automobile and say something to some women in it, and they got out. Then the officer put one of his men in it for a chauffeur, and the machine sped away, leaving the women in the road.

Ned inferred that the machine had been taken by the Austrian government and hastened to offer his sympathies. He found a despairing group. And to his astonishment they were the duenna and the girls with whom he had passed through the St. Gothard tunnel. Forgetting that he was supposed to be a German, he said in good American English:

"Ladies, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" exclaimed all the girls in a breath.

"For heaven's sake," said the duenna, "what are we going to do?"

"It is ten miles to the Italian border," replied Ned, "if you are able to walk it I think we can get a conveyance of some kind there."

"But we haven't a dollar with which to hire a conveyance."

"Don't trouble yourselves about that I am well provided."

Under Ned's guidance and protection the party set out for the Italian border, striking it on a railroad north of Verona. They succeeded in getting transportation to Milan and thence to Genoa.

All expenses were paid by Ned until the party reached Genoa, where they found that certain Americans in Italy desirous of going home had chartered a steamer. The women were still without money, and Ned had just enough to carry them all home.

"I will pay the passage of each and all of you," he said to them, "on one condition."

"Name any condition you like," said the duenna.

"Tell me which one of you kissed me in the St. Gothard tunnel."

"Never!" exclaimed all the girls at once.

"Very well; then you'll remain in Italy."

Finally Jack broke the deadlock. "I cannot tell a lie. It was our chaperon."

There was a burst of laughter, and Brewerton gave in, pretending to take Jack's confession for a real one, though he knew that she was the guilty person.

The girls and their duenna occupied one stateroom on the return voyage, and Ned slept on deck.

Ned and Jaquelin on moonlight nights sat on deck a great deal. There is no further record of any more kisses between them, but Ned having tasted the lips of his companion once was not likely to sit in the moonlight without tasting them again.

A month after their arrival Ned and Jack became man and wife.

Canadian Boy is King's Chorister

When the boys of the King's Chapel of St. George at Windsor and the Gentlemen of the Westminster Abbey Choir toured Canada this year on special Canadian Pacific train, the very Rev. Dr. Bailey, Dean of the Chapel and Rev. Canon Dr. Fellowes were much impressed by the singing of Robert Charles Palmer, an 11-year-old Edmonton boy trained by V. P. Delapoer, organist and choirmaster of Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton South. Later in the year his parents, Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Palmer were notified that their son had been appointed a probationer in the choir of the King's Chapel of St. George. After a period of 12 months he will be taken into full membership as King's Chorister. Master Palmer who thus becomes part of an aggregation which charmed Canadian hearers right across Canada, sailed on Canadian Pacific steamer Minnedosa for England in August to take up his new duties. The case is unique in the history of the choir which has drawn its members for the past six hundred years exclusively from boys resident in Great Britain, and whose first trip outside the British Isles in six centuries of existence was the one undertaken to Canada this year.

PILGRIM FARMERS.

Wheat Has Been Grown Continuously For Eighty Years.

Judging from all that has been said about the hopeless plight of agriculture in the Old Country, it seems ridiculous that farmers should come here from other parts of the world to pick up a few tips, says a writer in Answers.

But they do. A party of South African farmers recently visited Britain. They visited Rothamsted, and spent two days as the guests of the Royal Agricultural Society at its annual show at Newport.

Rothamsted showed our friends from overseas what we are doing in the way of agricultural research. It is probably the most important experimental farm in existence; certainly so, if you take results as the test.

It is now eighty-years or so since Rothamsted was founded as an agricultural experimental station, but even before that its founder, John Bennet Lawes, had been doing research work on the estate. His own personal investigations led to the discovery of super-phosphate, one of the landmarks in farming history.

Many other experiments have been carried out at Rothamsted, some of them giving most amazing results. On one field wheat has been grown continuously for over eighty years.

The South Africans, during their tour of England and Scotland, saw how British farmers are tackling all sorts of soils and conditions.

Is Romance Dead?

Talk of romance being dead! Not at all, for what more real romance could you have than this asks James Milne in his cheery little book of essays, "Pages in Waiting".

If you have an old copy of Andrew Lang's fairy book "The Book of Princes and Princesses" first published in 1908, look it up, and you will find it dedicated to "Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon." If you have a new copy you will instantly realize that this was the little Scottish girl who is now her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.

SPEEDOMETERS.

Some Cars Travel Faster on Dashboard Than on the Road.

The mendacious "trick of the trade" wilfully or unwittingly indulged in by some car manufacturers, in the conduct of our motor trade, other or equipping their cars with speedometers that are optimistic and enthusiastic records of performance apparently have no monopoly and tampering with veracity practices. Motor of London, one of Great Britain's leading automotive publications is on the warpath against such tactics. The editor calls attention to the fact that this practice places manufacturers who accurately gear the speedometer of their cars at a disadvantage in comparison with their "optimistic" competitors.

He points out that a fault of the trade to its ultimate effects.

"Perhaps the worst feature of the speedometer situation is that, short of making a test course no driver will be visible to the least experienced of drivers, it seems probable that recorded speeds will become higher and higher, and that each year the manufacturer will dare bear the speedometer drive to give accurate readings on the dial."

Automobile News, New York, remarks: "Regretfully we say it, but this problem is not unknown in this country and our manufacturers will do well to look upon it in the beginning because it is, to put it plainly 'sharp practice' intended to give the user a sense advantage over the car or who clings to the actual truth. Such practice has no place in the essentially honest American industry."

Possibly no sting was intended in the fall of that comment though one may seem implied to some readers. Certainly none is deserved in so far as Britain is concerned for commissions with her standard of business ethics will not prove odious to her. Generally speaking whatever her faults in integrity her business methods, principles and practices are second to none.

Introducing the Fall Lines in Hosiery and Underwear for the Family

In a Special Exhibition All This Week. *Choose Your Requirements This Month*

The New Autumn Lines in Rayon Lingerie are Ready

Choose now while complete ranges of sizes and colors are obtainable

Harvey Rayon tailored silk Vests, opera top, colors Flesh, Peach, Apricot, Mauve, White, June Rose. Price $1.50 each.

Rayon Silk Vests, opera top style, colors Flesh, Peach, White. Price $1.25 each.

"Lennard Knit" silk Vests, with tailored opera top, colors Helio, White, Flesh, Peach. Price $1.00 each.

"Lennard Knit" silk Bloomers to match, price $1.50 pair.

"Harvey Knit" silk Bloomers, with side pleating, colors Sunset, Platinum, Black, Mauve, Flesh, White, Peach, Pongee, June Rose, Apricot. Price $2.50, $2.75 pair.

Harvey "Bobette" Bloomers, in colors Pongee, White, June Rose, Flesh, Sunset, Mauve. Sizes small and medium. Price $2.00 pair.

Rayon Silk Vests, with tailored top, colors White, Pink, Helio, Peach. Price 98c. each

Rayon Silk Bloomers, medium sizes, colors Pink, Rose, Maize. Price 98c. pair.

Griffin lock-knit, non-ravel, silk lingerie Vests in shades of Pink, Peach. Bloomers, shades of Toast, Peach, Orchid, Apricot, Gold, Chantilly. Price $2.75 pair.

Rayon Silk Slips in shadow-proof and tailored styles, in all the desirable Fall shades. Priced $2.75, $3.00, $3.25, $3.75 and $4.00.

Rayon Silk Pyjamas, $6.00.

This Exhibition should be a matter of great importance to you as it suggests savings that will prove advantageous in keeping the family budget properly balanced.

Hundreds of Pairs of Hose. - Hundred of Pieces of Underwear

In First Grade Qualities - Await Your Choosing.

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All This Week

Make your own Price and Quality Comparisons

Women's Wool and Cotton Underwear

In the celebrated Zenith, Harvey and Wooltex Brands

Celebrated the Dominion over because they offer you the very last thoughts in underwear styling. Smart new style effects—shapely tailored and comfortable in fit—soft, cozy weights for women who stay in the house, women who enjoy out-door winter sports, for business women, for school girls.

Every conceivable style is obtainable, single garments or in combinations—garments with long, short or no sleeves. Garments in ankle or knee lengths.

NOTE THESE PRICES

Fine Cotton Vests, with silk stripe, priced 59 and 75c. each.

Wooltex Cotton Vests, in long or short sleeve styles, drawers in same quality, priced $1.25 per garment.

Ribbed Cotton Vests in high neck and long sleeve styles. Priced $1.00 each.

Extra outsize ribbed Cotton Vests, drawers in the same quality, priced $1.00 per garment.

Wooltex Bloomers, with silk stripe, price 75c. pair.

COMPARE THESE VALUES.

Natural All Wool Vests and Drawers, priced $2.75 each.

Zenith Brand Wool Vests and Drawers, priced $1.75 and $2.25 each.

Zenith Brand Wool Bloomers, priced $1.75 ad $2.25 pair.

Harvey Combinations in medium weight cotton, priced $1.25 and $1.50 each.

Combinations in Winter weight cotton, priced $2.25, $2.50, $2.75 each.

Combinations in all wool, priced $4.25, $4.50, $5.00 each.

Children's Fall and Winter Underwear

Prepare Now for Colder Weather. Note these Values

All wool Vests with long sleeves, high neck, with drawers to match in ankle length. Sizes 1 to 12 years.

Prices range from $1.00 to $1.75 each.

Zenith Wool Vests, long sleeves, high neck. Drawers in the same quality. Prices range from $1.00 to $1.75 each.

Wooltex quality Vests in medium weight cotton, round neck, button front. Drawers to match in the same quality. Sizes 1 to 12 years.

Prices range 50 to 75c. each.

Children' Fall and Winter Hosiery

Excellent Grades Specially Priced. Compare these Values

Children's 1-1 ribb silk and wool Hose, with plain knit feet, colors Muffin and French Nude. Priced 59 to 75c. pair.

Fancy check Silk and Wool Hose, in color combinations of Fawn and White, Muffin and White. Priced 75c. pair.

All wool 1-1 ribb Cashmere Hose with plain knit feet. Colors of White, Sand and Black.

Prices range from 35 to 75c. pair.

Boys' heavy 1-1 ribb Cotton Hose, extra strong to wear, sizes 7 to 11½. Prices range 50 to 65c. pair.

Here are Money Saving Values in Autumn Hosiery

Advanced Styles - Proven Qualities - Correct Colors

Bi-Tex Silk Hose with inner lining for comfort and durability. Colors Mist, Grain, Beige, and Black. Price $2.00 pair.

Full fashioned Pure Thread Silk Hose. This line is being made specially for us, and we can recommend it for appearance, fit and service. New shades for Fall, Beige, Nude, Mirage, Opal, Mauve, Plaza Grey, Gunmetal. Prce $1.95 pair.

Pure Thread Silk Hose, with mercerized lisle top, reinforced heels and toes. Colors Atmosphere, Pongee, New Hoggar, Cheri, Platinum, Silver. Price $1.50 pair.

Silk and Wool Hose, these have the look of silk hose when on, the wool being plated with silk to the top. Colors Muffin, Peach, Nude, Peach, Moonlight, Black. Price $1.00 pair

Silk and Wool Hose, with elastic ribb top, reinforced heels and toes, mixtures of Sand and White, Grey and White, Black and White. Price $1.50 pair.

Plated Silk and Lisle Hose, with elastic ribb top, colors Grain, French Nude, Bran. Price $1.00 pair.

Plated Silk and Lisle in fancy pineapple stitch. Colors Beige, French Nude, Peach, Moonlight, Black. Price 90c. pair.

Noteworthy Fall and Winter Values from our Men's and Boys' Departments. Come and Compare

Men's Hose—Penman's Make Special 25c. Pair

These are a heavy, brushed cotton quality in a dark grey shade. Very suitable in color and weight for Fall wear. At the price its a special.

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Many men swear by these all wool, cashmere weight. These can be distinguished by their red heel and toe.

Lay in your supply now.

Men's Mottled Work Hose 39c. Pair, or 3 Pairs for $1.00

Made by Penman's, from a wool and cotton combination. The correct weight for immediate wear.

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The man who prefers all wool, will find this grade extremely good for work wear.

Obtainable in two desirable shades and sizes.

Men's Silk and Wool Hose 50c. Pair

This is a particularly desirable grades for Fall dress Shades of Blue, Mauve and Tan. All sizes.

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A new "Circle-Bar" quality in a real splendid new range of colors. A hose particularly suited to the well dressed man. All sizes.

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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham, of Oshawa, spent the week-end in Napanee.

Miss Eleanor Baker left on Monday to spend the winter in California.

Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill street, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ezra VanAlstyne, Brockville.

Mr. Carson Graham, Oshawa, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Graham.

Mrs. Fred Hosey and daughter left last week for Auburn, N. Y. Mr. Hosey will follow in a few days.

Miss Gladys Gault, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morley Gault, has joined the nurses' training class of the Kingston General Hospital.

Misses Ruth Dickson and Ruth Loyst, Sills-ville, have joined the Nurses' Probation Class at the Kingston General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, and Mr. and Mrs. Joyner, Hanover, spent the week-end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. VanAlstyne.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne left on Monday, September 5th, to take a position on the teaching staff at Clifford.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Taylor, of Whitby (newly-weds), spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. H. Turner, Centre Street.

Miss Letha Scott is in Toronto attending the wedding of Miss Maizie Madole, formerly of Napanee. Mrs. Symington will also go to Toronto for the ceremony, which takes place on Wednesday.

Mr. Frank O'Neill and friends, of Philadelphia, Pa., spent Friday with his aunts, Mrs. Lester Gould, Centre street, and Mrs. Luke Young, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Portt, two sons and daughter, of Windsor, Ont., Mr. Wm. Portt and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Arnold Portt and son, of Portt's Hill, Marysville; Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Marysville, called on Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Curle, Big Creek, on Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Walt, State Manager of Ohio National Life Insurance Co., of Springfield, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Reddick, Brighton, Ont., spent Labor Day with the former's uncle, Mr. A. B. Gould, at Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould's, Centre street South. They also called on Mr. and Mrs. James W. Clark and family at Bethany, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Curle, Big Creek.

Mr. John Robinson is in Stratford for a few days.

Mrs. Arnold Wylie, Brampton, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Joyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Keech are visiting his brother in Michigan, who is quite ill.

Mr. W. J. Hill, Rochester, N.Y., spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Boyle.

Mr. Gage Nelson, Napanee, wishes to announce the marriage of his daughter, Helen, of Rochester, N.Y., to Mr. Patrick Kimmell, of 16 Seneca Pk. Circle, Rochester, N.Y., at Church of Ascension, by Rev. W. J. Ampton on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Kimmell will reside in Rochester, N.Y.

BIRTHS

Fox—On Thursday, September 8th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Fox, a daughter—Grace Amelia.

MARRIAGES

Kimmell — Nelson — At the Church of Ascension, Rochester, N.Y., on Thursday, September 1st, 1927, by Rev. W. J. Compton, Helen Nelson, of Napanee, to Mr. Frederick D. Kimmell, of 16 Seneca Rd. Circle, Rochester, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Kimmell will reside at Rochester, N. Y.

DEATHS

Clark—At Kingston General Hospital, on Tuesday, Sept. 6th, 1927, Latham E. Cark, aged 59 years, 6 days.

Champlain's Residences.

The first residence of Champlain, who founded Quebec in 1608, was built at the foot of Cape Diamond, Quebec, and called the "Abitation de Quebec." It had many of the features of a fort, and served the needs of the colony until 1620, when Champlain commenced the more important structure on the crest of the rock which was later named the Port St. Louis. This building was completed about the year 1623, and when the English invader, Kirk, captured and held Quebec, it was used by him as a residence from 1629 to 1632. After Quebec was restored to France and Champlain was re-appointed governor, he resided at the fort, and died there on Christmas Day, 1635.

Electricity From a River.

An Austrian engineer has made a machine which floats on the water and makes electricity from the power of the river flowing beneath it. A conical-shaped tube is submerged in the water between two large floats, and at the narrow end of the tube is a water wheel, which drives a small dynamo fixed on a platform above the water. Many of these little units are likely to come into use where there is a strong stream, both for country-house lighting and agricultural power.

The election of George Spotton Conservative, in North Huron, brings the total strength of the official opposition in the House of Commons up to 89. The standing of the parties is now as follows: Liberals 119, Conservatives 89, United Farmers of Alberta 11, Progressives 12, Liberal Progressives 9, Labor 3, Independent 2. Total 245.

A very quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on Saturday morning, Sept. 3rd, when Miss Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Mooney, South Napanee, was united in marriage to Mr. John Slee, eldest son of Mrs. M. and the late Mr. William Slee, of 104 Markham street, Toronto, the Rev. Father Kelly officiating.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Maud (Bessie) McTear, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. L. McTear, Trenton, formerly of Bath, to Charles Fraser Davison, B.Sc., son of Mrs. Davison, and the late Mr. C. E. Davison, of Halfway River, Nova Scotia, took place on Saturday, Sept. 10th, at St. George's Church, Trenton. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride.

WILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Walker, of Buffalo, N.Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Babcock.

Mr. A. W. Babcock and Miss Helen Babcock are visiting in Toronto.

School has re-opened once more, the new teacher being Miss Pontion, of Bellleville.

Mr. Harold Brown is attending Kingston Business College.

Mr. Earl Cole was removed to the hospital on Thursday and all wish him a speedy recovery, also Mr. Reginald Carroll, who underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Martin, Mr. and Miss Huff and Miss Dorothy Redden motored to Toronto on Wednesday.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. Wm. Forsythe in the loss of his brother, Mr. James Forsythe, of Harrowsmith.

Friends and relatives were very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Frank Ward, which occurred on Saturday evening last. The funeral took place on Monday last from her late residence.

More sadness prevailed over the community on Tuesday evening last when it was learned that Mr. Latham Clark had passed away at the Kingston General Hospital. His funeral was held on Thursday afternoon, burial at Wilton cemetery. Besides his sorrowing wife, he leaves to mourn his loss, one son, Gordon, and two daughters, Miss Kathryn and Mrs. K .Babcock. The large attendance at the funeral showed the high esteem in which Mr. Clarke was held. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

AUTUMN PLANTING OF BULBS

(Experimental Farms Note)

Of late years an increased interest has been taken in the culture of early spring flowers, such as tulips, narcissi, scilla and crocuses. All of these are hardy and when once planted may remain in the ground for a number of years without being disturbed. Tulips, however, have a tendency to produce many small blooms after the second year, and are, therefore, lifted at the end of the second blooming season. The largest of the bulbs lifted may be used for planting the following fall.

In general, to obtain good results with bulbs, the soil in the beds or borders should be well prepared in advance of the time of planting. If the soil is a good garden loam, and if it has been occupied all summer by other plants, it should receive a liberal application of well-rotted manure, and this spaded into a depth of about twelve inches.

Since different kinds of bulbs vary greatly in size, it is necessary to plant them at different depths. A safe rule to follow is to cover a bulb or corm with about twice its own depth of soil. Thus a bulb one inch through from base to apex should be covered with two inches of soil. The distance apart between bulbs will vary according to the size and type of bulb.

About the time the ground freezes in winter the beds should receive a light mulch of strawy manure. This should remain on the ground over winter and until the first growth appears above the surface in the spring.

Many kinds of bulbs such as daffodils, jonquils, snow drops and crocuses are well adapted for planting in grass along driveways or walks. To plant bulbs in this informal manner, a hole should be dug with a trowel and about two inches of rich soil placed at the bottom and the bulb placed at the proper depth. Bulbs planted in this way will be benefitted by an annual dressing of well-rotted manure, applied in the early autumn.

Houses of Cork and Cinders.

Houses that will keep out the cold in winter and heat in summer are being erected in the Kent coal fields district of England. The walls are six inches thick, apart from the inner coating of plaster. The outer three inches are of concrete, while next to the plaster are two inches of compressed cinder. Compressed cork, which is a non-conductor of heat, is placed between the concrete and the cinders. More than 100 of the houses have been built and 200 more are planned.

SOCIOLOGY TAKES THE WHEEL

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Clarence Marsh Case, Professor of Sociology, University of Southern California, questions my comparison concerning old and young motorists. His comments on this recent article of mine are interesting. Darned if I don't think he is right. His letter follows:

Any reliable comparison concerning the fitness of older or younger persons to handle cars in traffic should take into consideration the fact that there are three more or less distinct aspects of this matter.

The FIRST has to do with mechanical skill—a matter of shifting gears, manipulating the gas and spark, the brakes and clutch. The facility required for this is just a matter of elementary mechanics.

The SECOND side of motoring is a question of steering which involves the ability to judge distances and speeds, and also includes the ability to sit in a relaxed position and simply guide the car. The trait needed here is perhaps the same used in driving the farm team, the family carriage horse, or even the lowly wheel-barrow and it is pre-eminent in cycling.

The THIRD quality on which motoring rests is neither that of the mechanic nor the driver, but is purely social. It means ability to bear in mind the traffic regulations, among other things, but in no merely superficial way. The good motorist must enter into the spirit of all those ordinances and regulations, and be able to apply them in a concrete social situation. In the traffic jam the fellow who insists on his legal rights in an exacting, mechanical way is a nuisance and a menace. He must know how to yield to courtesy, kindness or some other higher social virtue. In short, no one who lacks moral and social discipline is fit to drive a motor car in the traffic of today. Such a person has not reached social maturity. No mere individualist, much less an egoist, is capable of being a capable driver, no matter how mechanically skilful he is. While ranking high in mechanics, vision and muscle he may really be an undeveloped baby in the moral and social comprehension and self-control which constitutes an absolute indespensable quality of the real driver. For modern driving rests at bottom on the great social virtue of mutual aid. If the foregoing argument is true, it follows that all statistical studies concerning older and younger drivers must regard these distinctions.

What think you, folks?

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler," Ps. 91 : 2, 4 ;"Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee : He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved," Ps. 55 : 22 ; "In all things I have learned the secret, both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in Him that strengthenth me." Phil. 4 : 12, 13 ; "He said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness'" II. Cor. 12-9.

A BIBLE LOVER.

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The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

"A Black Business Handled White"

CHANGES IT'S NAME

Wish to notify the customers and public that the Coal and Wood business which has been operating under the name of F. E. VanLuven, will be changed to the "NAPANEE FUEL AND SUPPLY COMPANY" under the same management.

R. G. GILBRIDE.

23-1-7